THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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IRISH MARY.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY MINNIE MAY.

There are miles and miles of sea and land,
Between my love and me.
He has found a home on another strand,
In a far distant countrie.

And billows and billows roll between,
But I never forget, not I,
For we plighted our faith in our land so green,
And true love can never die.

Oh, my love, my love is over the sea,
In a country wild and new,
But soon he is coming back to me,
For true love is ever true.

PEMBERTON;

OR,

One Hundred Years Ago.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY HENRY PETERSON.

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PART FIRST.

CHAPTER XI.

Men have two eyes and points of mental motion
That they may see all sides of everything;
And learn sweet Charity and Christian Love
From those they constantly oppose.
None are entirely right, and none all wrong.

André and Pemberton, though they had become the warmest of friends, seldom conversed upon the great and absorbing question of the day. At first they had often argued the matter; but at length, each finding the other firm as a rock in his own opinions, they had by a kind of tacit understanding agreed to differ. But on one pleasant Sunday afternoon, as the two young men took a stroll out through the woods to Centre Square—then a natural forest of oaks and hickories—and further on to the banks of the beautiful Schuylkill, André renewed the subject. In truth, the Colonial cause, with its loss of Philadelphia, followed by the loss of the forts which commanded the Delaware—for a second attack by Lord Cornwallis had proved more successful than the Hessian attack under Count Donop—the destitute condition of the army at White Marsh, owing in a great degree to a badly managed Commissariat, and the rapid depreciation of the Continental paper money, looked discouraging enough just then, notwithstanding the defeat and capture of Burgoyne.

As we calmly and dispassionately gaze back upon the field from this distance of time, the game seemed up—the queen and castles taken, and the king with but a few moves left upon the board before encountering the inevitable checkmate. If Franklin had not succeeded in negotiating the French Alliance, it is very difficult to avoid the conclusion that the Revolution would have failed, and Independence have been put off for fifty or even a hundred years.

But your "ifs" are pregnant things. The persuasive philosopher did not fail—and the sword of Charlemagne was thrown into the scale of Destiny.

"Pemberton," said André, as they stood in the warm sun of that November day, and looked up and down the graceful windings of the "hidden river," "this is too bright and beautiful a world to be the abode of hatred and contention—especially the hatred and contention of brothers. Why cannot this unnatural war be ended?"

"It can—very easily. Let Sir William Howe and his soldiers embark for home—and the land will be at peace."

"Would it be at peace? Would there not begin at once a hunting down and hanging of all its sons who had proven their loyalty to their king?"

"I think not—if it were agreed that the lives and property of the Tories should be held sacred, as the price of peace and independence."

"Independence—what a delusive word that is. I wonder, Pemberton, that a man of your fine sense can be deluded by it. Do you not see that you cannot be independent? That you are not strong enough to be so? In the very nature of the case, you must lean upon and be protected by one of the great European Powers—you must be the child or ward either of France or of England. Are you not already seeking the protection of France—confession that you cannot stand alone? The only real and practical question therefore is, shall these Colonies belong to England or to France? To Protestant England, or to Roman Catholic France? Shall they strengthen the great European bulwark of the Protestant cause, or shall they strengthen the favorite son of Rome? I, as a child of the Huguenots—those hunted exiles from the Papal scourge—wonder that any man with English blood in his veins, and with Protestant blood in his veins, can give other than one indignant answer."

"André, my dear friend," replied Pemberton, "looking at the question from your point of view, I might answer as you do. But if I know the temper of my countrymen, and of our leading classes—and you know this Revolution was made by our best and ablest men, our Colonial aristocracy, if I may use the word; of men who rebelled not so much against despotic and grievous measures, as against despotic and unjust principles, seeing to what in practice they would ultimately lead—if I understand the temper and feelings of these men, we intend just as little to be the tool and puppet of Roman Catholic France as of Protestant England."

"I suppose, of course, you do not intend it—but my argument is that you cannot avoid it; that you will inevitably be compelled, by the pressure of circumstances, to lean upon one or the other nation for guidance and support."

"And I hold that the Colonies are no longer children—that they have come of age, and are entitled to become States, with the liberty of acting for themselves."

"Parson Duché, your eloquent divine, does not think so. Have you heard that he has written to Washington, advising him to give up the struggle. He was heartily with you—the landed chaplain of your Congress—until the declaration of Independence was adopted; then he saw the folly of the thing, as I do. Have you heard of his letter?"

"Yes, and that Washington instantly sent it on to Congress for their information. If Duché thinks he is doing right—if he is acting according to his sincerest and best judgment—you know I am not a fanatic, if I am a Whig—I do not blame him."

"Judge Chew, Beverly Robinson, Mr. Galloway, your Cousin James, and the dozen other leading gentlemen that Congress banished to Virginia, and thousands of others whom they represent, and who went with you so long as it was a mere question of your rights as Englishmen, see this matter almost as I do. Why even that clever Mr. Dickinson, who wrote your famous 'Farmer's Letters' against the foolish course of the ministry—you know I am with you on that question—is opposed to the notion of independence. The brave and intelligent Governor Franklin, too, takes sides against his father in this matter."

"All very worthy and estimable gentlemen, doubtless," replied Pemberton, smiling. "But you know, André, my dear fellow, I always do my own thinking."

"And Lord Chatham too—who has stood your friend in Parliament, through thick and thin, till now—he says he never will consent to sever so wide a region from the dominion of the British crown."

"I admire and respect Lord Chatham—and thank him most deeply, in common with the rest of my countrymen, for his many noble and generous efforts in our behalf. But André, it is natural that a born Englishman, who expects to live and die in England, should see this matter from a point of view very different from ours."

"Well, to come back again to the great practical question—how shall this unholy war be stopped?"

"Oh, I suppose, by embracing Sir William's modest offer; the rebels all to come in on bended knees, with halters around their necks, and say they repent; and Sir William in return to give them absolution; and everything to go on in the same delightful manner as before," replied Pemberton ironically.

"Would your leaders now accept a settlement on the basis of Galloway's proposition? That came within one vote of a majority in Congress, a year or two ago. A General Council to be established for the Colonies—and no law to be considered passed that does not meet the approbation both of your Council and of Parliament."

"Two years ago that might have been accepted if it had been generously offered," said Pemberton musingly. "I have not the least idea that it would be accepted now."

"Pemberton," said André, in a lower and more confidential tone, "I do not deny that I am ambitious—but I trust it is a high and generous ambition that I cherish. It would be a feather in any man's cap to settle this unnatural difficulty without further bloodshed. Why cannot you and I settle it here. I feel sure that I know the terms on which England will settle it; and probably you are equally well informed as to the ultimatum of your countrymen. I never have sought to penetrate your secrets, any more than you have mine; but I know that you are in correspondence with all their leading men. What say you?"

"I think you over-estimate my standing and importance, though not my knowledge of the feelings of my countrymen. But what would you propose?"

"In one word, what you choose; so it is not Independence. The claim to taxation shall be given up. I think it only fair that the Colonies should agree to contribute something towards the general expenses of the kingdom—for the army and navy are maintained for the defence of all. But we will not even stand upon that. Everything shall be granted but Independence."

"For myself," said Pemberton, grasping André warmly by the hand, "I believe I would at once, if I had the power, accept such a proposition. I am, by education and constitutionally, so utterly averse to war—so conscious that even its triumphs contain the fruitful seeds of other wars, which ripen generally in about a generation. But I must answer you for others, not for myself. I do not think that anything short of Independence would be accepted."

"If there even is a probability of such a proposition being accepted, it might be offered."

"I do not think there is at present the slightest probability. Two years ago—perhaps one year ago—and it would have been hailed with joy, with bonfires and acclamations. But the keen sword of war cuts national bonds quickly. When a man has been fired at a half-a-dozen times, and tried to shoot another as often, it confuses the natural ties of relationship," added Pemberton, smiling.

"But they are willing to welcome the French with open arms—against whom, with their Indian allies, they have been fighting at our sides for the last fifty years."

"The Indian allies are now with you, however."

"Not all of them—by any means. Did you not hear Lord Cathcart tell how he was startled by their yells, during his recent consultation with McLane. But you do not think there is any use in agitating this liberal plan of settlement?"

PENN OR CENTRE SQUARE IN 1800.

(From Watson's Annals.)

The above represents Penn Square—or Centre Square, as it was then generally called—about twenty years after the Revolution. Those of our readers who remember the old Centre Square—a large Circular plot of ground, taking in all the present four squares, and more too—will regret probably that it was not allowed to remain in its ancient shape. That large Circle was, we believe, originally designed by Penn for the public buildings of his beloved city, when, in the progress of time, Philadelphia should extend from river to river. But the prosaic authorities of a later generation, for the sake of business convenience, cut up his one handsome Circle at Broad and Market street into four petty Squares—and what they foolishly did, cannot now, we suppose, be undone.

The water-works were commenced in the spring of 1799, one building being on the Schuylkill near Market street, and the receiving reservoir being the white marble building represented above in Centre Square. The Naiad and swan of the fountain, are, we believe, the same which are now at Fairmount. The Fairmount water-works were not commenced until 1815.

"Not the least. Of course, if the Continental arms should meet with a great reverse, it might be different. But at present things look tolerably fair—and a French alliance would render the success of the States almost certain."

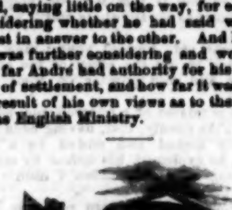
"No, indeed!" exclaimed André, proudly. "Even despite the French alliance, we shall conquer. But I would save the useless spilling of human blood. For, come what may, France shall never add this wide and beautiful land to her crown."

"I agree with you heartily in that—never! But we shall win our Independence; and then, when the heat and bitterness of the contest have passed by, be always and ever your faithful friend and ally."

"We have come back to where we started from, Pemberton. It cannot be! I know you mean well, but the Colonies must belong either to France or to England. Knowing this, I shall hope to urge this plan, which you think it would be useless to urge now, at a more propitious season—when some great turn of the tide shall prove to the most sanguine among your leaders the folly of further resistance."

"It is getting late, let us return," said Pemberton.

And the young men walked slowly homeward, saying little on the way, for each was considering whether he had said what was wisest in answer to the other. And Pemberton was further considering and wondering how far André had authority for his proposition of settlement, and how far it was merely the result of his own views as to the temper of the English Ministry.



THE LOXLEY HOUSE.

In the Revolution the Loxley house was almost out of town, being over the Second street Dock creek bridge. Loxley, the first owner, was a lieutenant under Braddock. From the gallery in front, the celebrated Whitefield sometimes preached—the ground opposite rising in a kind of natural amphitheatre.

CHAPTER XII.

Great kings by humble means are set at naught,
Great fishes are in tiny meshes caught,
Great lakes by little leaks do melt away,
Great fortunes vanish 'twixt the eve and day.

Early on a December morning, two British officers sat talking to each other in what was then called the Loxley House, on Second street, near Dock creek. One was Major—afterwards Colonel—Tarleton, and the other the Adjutant-General of the British army. The Loxley House was the quarters of the latter, who had been billeted upon the family of a Mrs. Lydia Darrach, who occupied the premises.

"We shall have rather a cold march, Major Tarleton, if the present weather holds; but we intend this time to make it a surprise. Not a man must be allowed to leave the city, whose loyalty is the least doubtful, to give the rebels warning of our approach."

"I never saw such a sieve for letting out news as this place is," replied Tarleton. "Why even I can hardly stir out with my troop, but the rebels seem to know all about it, and McLane or Harry Lee is ready to receive me. There must be an infernal lot of spies about."

"No matter," said his superior in a low voice, as if fearful the very walls had ears, "this time I think we shall be too many for them. The movement was only determined upon last night; and to-night we move. I wish you in the interim to exercise your utmost vigilance, to prevent word from being carried to the enemy. Sir William considers you one of the most vigilant and active officers in the service."

"What man can do, I will do—but the long lines of this city are very difficult to watch. I should like to call your attention to one thing however. You know that flag which nearly always floats from Pemberton's?"

"Of course—the flag-house."

"Perhaps I am rather over-suspicious—but I confess I do not understand why the old nigger, who seems to manage that flag, makes so many changes in it. He has, I believe, a large stock on hand; for the Pembertons used to be, they say, great shipping merchants, and sometimes he flies a large one, sometimes smaller ones, sometimes none at all."

"Does there seem to be any regularity in his changes?"

"Yes,—and that is why I have grown suspicious," rejoined Tarleton—his small black eyes assuming a puzzled expression. "When our whole army is in the city, he flies a small flag,—but the other day, for instance, when Cornwallis marched out to take the forts, he flew his largest flag."

"That looks a little suspicious, I confess, and it behooves us to be very watchful. But Mrs. Pemberton cannot be suspected of being a party to any treachery. Her sentiments and those of her family are too well known. Why her Cousin James is now under rebel arrest, down in Virginia."

"Very true—but her son Arthur scarcely makes a secret of his disloyal principles—and, for myself, I believe that were it not for the pain it would give his mother, he would be this day in Washington's camp."

"Let me see," said the Adjutant General, pulling out a manuscript book. "Yes, here is the name. 'Pemberton—Arthur—son of Rachel. Disloyal—but not to be dreaded; a visionary young man. Sometimes even writes poetry. Honest and truthful. Rather timid.' I think that a character like this would not expose himself to the dangers of playing the spy. Besides, is he not a warm friend of Captain André's."

"Yes—André is just such another," replied Tarleton, with a little disdain. "But I do not think either of them is wanting in courage."

"Can the negro be doing anything on his own account?"

"It is not improbable—though he seems very stupid."

"But how could he procure the information?"

"Oh, that is not difficult—every General and Colonel almost has now a darkey servant, and they soon find out pretty much all their masters know about the contemplated movements. And darkeys always like to air their knowledge to one another—it gives them consequence."

"I should not like to take any step that would prove unpleasant to so loyal a citizen as Mrs. Pemberton—why she loaned Sir William her carriage and horses; and, besides, the raising of that very flag has brought on her a perfect torrent of rebel abuse—but keep your eyes open, Major."

"Suppose that nigger attempts to run up his largest flag to-day, had I not better prevent him at once? If that be a signal, what is the use of stopping all passes, and letting that be shown?"

"Very true—and to-day will afford a pretty good test as to whether there is any reality in your suspicions. Suppose that, as it snowed last night, not a flag should be raised all day—what would you think then?"

"Either that my suspicions were entirely groundless, or that Foxey had no information," replied Tarleton.

"But he could hardly help knowing that something was going on by afternoon, if he has means of information at all."

"That is true. And I will own myself entirely mistaken, if no flag is raised. But I'd bet a bottle of brandy that you'll see that nigger's very largest flag waving in the wind within three hours—that is, if one of my men was not on hand to prevent it."

"Perhaps you are right, Major."

"I am so sure of it, that I'm in a hurry to put myself as soon as possible in a position to keep it down. I guess a musket-ball at Foxey's head, will give him a speedy hint not to raise it."

"Do not hurt him," said the Adjutant.

"You cannot hurt a nigger by shooting him in the head," replied Tarleton, as he hurriedly left the room.

GENERAL HOWE'S HEAD-QUARTERS.

This building was quite a celebrated one—having not only been Howe's head-quarters, but afterward Arnold's residence, and also the Presidential mansion of General Washington. It was on Market street just below Sixth street, on the south side. Market street was the fashionable street at that time, not only for residences, but for a promenade.

While this conversation was going on in Mrs. Darrach's house, another conversation upon a similar subject, was being held at Mrs. Pemberton's.

An hour or so before, Mrs. Darrach had taken a bag and basket, and left her residence with the avowed intention of procuring some meal and groceries for that day's dinner. Making her way up the path that led along the border of Dock creek, she had entered the large and well-kept grounds attached to Mrs. Pemberton's mansion, and walking up to the kitchen, asked Dinah, the colored cook, whether her young master was at home.

Dinah was Foxey's better half, in two senses—both the spiritual and the material—and one of those truly efficient cooks who were the wonder of a former generation, and seem to be the despair of ours. Dinah knew—if not consciously, then unconsciously, which is a higher sort of knowledge—what common people describe as "feeling a thing in their bones"—that the Almighty had created her to be a cook. She felt as we have said in her very bones—for she had bones, though they were not perceivable—that she had been created not to be a missionary, or a female politician, or even a lady, so far as that word implies culture, but simply what she was. And she stood there in her rotundity, as she had stood in the same kitchen for at least twenty years, with never a thought of changing places, a living, weighty refutation of the truth of the old maxim that "the Lord sends victuals, but the devil sends cooks." Black and shiny, but neat and cleanly in her attire, with a gay turban on her head, and evidently constructed on the same principle that boys use when they construct snow men—a small ball on the top of a large ball, upheld by two stout upright sticks—or as she herself might have constructed a human being out of apple dumplings, or doughnuts, or gingerbread—Dinah stood there, before Mrs. Darrach, the very model cook of the period.

"Dee, Miss Lyddy, Mas' Arthur's to hom' —shill I call de Missie?"

"Oh, no. I only wish to see Arthur about a little business. Is he in the breakfast room?"

"Breakfas'! we-uns had breakfas' a hour ago. I reckun you'll fine him in de libry."

Going to the library, Mrs. Darrach knocked at the door, and was told to enter. Arthur was alone.

"Why, Friend Darrach, is that thee?" said Pemberton, using his Friendly language. "Take a chair by the fire, it is cold this morning."

"Yes, it is quite cold," replied she, taking a seat near the fire, and near him.

"Is the snow deep?—I have not been out yet."

"No, not very—only some three or four inches."

"Any news?" asked he in a lower tone—and with a peculiar glance.

"Yes, and very important," replied she, in the same tone. "There is no danger of interruption?"

Arthur disappeared, but in a few moments returned. He had stationed Foxey in the entry, with directions to see that all inquirers for him were shown into the front parlor.

"This room is my sanctum, you remember," said he, again taking his seat. "It has a dead-latch, and no one can open the door from the outside, when it is shut, without a key."

"It is best, thee knows, to avoid all danger of suspicion," said his visitor—"especially to-day."

"They had then a council of war last night, as I supposed they would?"

"Yes. I knew what was coming—for I was warned to have all the family in bed early. And I did. But I got up again, and putting something around me, stole to the door of the room. Thee knows the house is an old one, and the doors not of the closest."

"And you could hear distinctly?" said Pemberton, forgetting his Friendly language in his interest.

"Almost as plain as I hear thee now."

"Is it to be an attack in force?"

"Yes, the whole army."

"When? Could you hear that?"

"This very night they are to march."

"That is soon—are you certain as to the time?"

"I am positive."

"It is rapid work—I must get word to the camp at once."

"That is what I want most to speak about. Can thee do it?"

"I can signal them—but I must also send a messenger. I would that old Abram were in town," continued Pemberton musingly.

"They agreed that not a pass should be granted to a single man to leave the city."

"That is bad," replied Arthur in a puzzle. "My countrymen can get out without passes, but it is a much longer route, and they run the risk besides of capture."

"I have a plan," said his visitor, while a bright radiance lit up her pale but expressive face.

"Ah—what is it?"

"I will go."

"Thou, Lydia?"

"Yes, to save life—the lives of my countrymen—perhaps the life of my country—I will go."

"How?"

"As thee knows, there is very little flour in the city, and most of what we get comes from Frankford. I went there about a month ago for flour, and I will go again to-day, if I can get a pass."

"But it is cold, and snow on the ground. And a walk of five miles—back the way with a sack of flour—is a great task for one so frail as you are."

"It is no harder than walking barefoot over the frozen ground, as so many of our poor soldiers are doing. Not so hard as lying with camp-fever or small-pox in the hospitals, as so many poor patriots are doing. If I could save one man's life, I would do it. I may save hundreds of lives, and the life of my country, too."

"You have always refused to take any reward heretofore, Lydia. This news is of the utmost importance. You are poor—and it is only right the country should compensate you."

"Not a farthing—not a single farthing!" exclaimed she with great earnestness. "It would seem to me like the price of blood. Only one thing"—and the pale face was suffused with crimson. "It is a weakness—but we all have our little weaknesses, I suppose. If I should succeed in my errand, and the army should be forewarned, let Washington know that this was the work of a woman—of one who honored and revered him, and loved her struggling country—and that her name was Lydia Darrach."

"He shall know it! And the country at some safe future time, shall know it!" exclaimed Pemberton with enthusiasm. "And your name shall be held in reverence by our children, and our children's children, to the latest generation."

"But how am I to get the pass?" said his visitor, relapsing into her usual quiet and thoughtful manner. "They may refuse to give me one, and it is important not to lose time."

"I think I can arrange that," replied Pemberton, reflecting for a moment; "come with me."

Leaving the room he went forward to the door of the back parlor, and saw that Isabella was there reading.

"Miss Graham," said he, "Mrs. Lydia Darrach, whom I think you have met before"—Isabella bowed—"is anxious to obtain a pass to go to Frankford to purchase some flour for her family. I told her I thought you would be able to get her one from General Howe. The Adjutant General, you know, boards with her; and therefore, you see, it is rather important," continued Pemberton smiling.

"I do not care much for the Adjutant General's dinner," replied Isabella, "soldiers of course can rough it; but I do feel, Mrs. Darrach, for you and the children. And yet, I confess it, I do not like much the idea of going around to head-quarters for a pass. Perhaps if I gave Mrs. Darrach a note to Colonel Musgrave, he could get her one."

"That would not do, Bella," said Arthur a little impatiently. "I should be very much obliged to you, if you would put on your cloak and go at once."

Isabella looked at him in surprise. There was no mistake—curious as it seemed to her, he was evidently very much in earnest.

She hesitated not a moment longer. "Wait a minute,' said she to Mrs. Darrach.

While she was gone, Pemberton instructed Mrs. Darrach as to whom she might safely apply in Frankford. "At Friend Evans's—Joshua Evans, you know, the tanner's—you will probably find either Captain McLane, Lieutenant Morris, or Colonel Meigs, one of whom doubtless will be there in the course of the day. If Joshua should happen to be out, go to his brother Samuel's."

Here Isabella appeared, equipped for walking; and the two left for the head-quarters of General Howe in Market street.

Arrived at the dignified mansion—one of the best in the city—which the British commander had appropriated for his own use, and passing the sentry at the door, they entered. One of the lower rooms was occupied as an office for the granting of passes and other official matters, and opening the door of this, Isabella perceived Sir William himself, while his Aid and Secretary, Captain Munchausen, sat at a desk before the window.

Sir William arose in a moment. He was a tall, handsome, dignified-looking man—bearing considerable personal resemblance, as was often noted, to Washington; a genial, kindly man, greatly beloved both by his officers and men. An admirable general, moreover, when in the field—though failing perhaps in pushing his enemy's defeats into routs—but too much given to taking his ease when the battle was over. Some of his own officers averred that Philadelphia was his Capua; and Doctor Franklin said that instead of his taking Philadelphia, that city had taken General Howe.

Rising, as we have said, Sir William addressed Miss Graham—

"I am happy to see you, Miss Graham. Be seated, ladies—what can I do for you this snowy morning?"

"Sir William," said Isabella, "I have a favor to ask of you."

"Which you know will be granted if I can possibly do it," replied the General gallantly. "To oblige so fair a lady is in itself a pleasure—and when that lady is the ward of Colonel Musgrave, who did such admirable service at Germantown, the pleasure becomes almost a duty."

"I know you would oblige me, if you possibly could, had I something important to ask of you," replied Isabella, smiling

pleasantly. "But this is nothing—it is merely to give my Quaker friend here, Mrs. Darrach, who keeps the house where your Adjutant boards, a pass to go to Frankford, to buy a little flour to make his pies and puddings with."

"It is [illegible]," said the General, [illegible] my dear [illegible]

[illegible]

"I [illegible] it is liable to [illegible] ruled at the [illegible] general."

"But I have [illegible] in the [illegible] day, Miss Graham, [illegible] limited to [illegible] read in these words, Captain Munchausen [illegible]—and you must admit it would hardly look well for me to be the first to break my own orders."

Now this would have had to be enough for a man—but a woman, and moreover a young and beautiful woman, is a very different person to deal with. Isabella was a very sensible as well as beautiful woman; but she had a beautiful woman's willfulness, and dislike to being foiled in anything she undertook. She would not have stirred from home on an errand like this, except at her lover's [illegible] request—but having done so, she would not easily take a refusal. And she already had an advantage, in that Sir William had complimented her. Although a veteran, he had not yet fully realized the bad policy of complimenting a lady who wants a favor of you. It is like giving the enemy in a battle the choice of ground; and Sir William had the sun in his eyes all through the remainder of the interview—and Isabella knew it.

Captain Munchausen, at the desk, tumbled over some papers, and then perusing one, made answer—

"Those are the very words, your Excellency."

"I see nothing in that order to prevent my having a pass for Mrs. Darrach," said Isabella, coolly. "It says, 'not to a single man'—and that may be, for all I know, reasonable enough—but Mrs. Darrach is a woman."

The General smiled.

"You are a keen reasoner, Miss Graham, but do you not see that women are supposed to be included in the prohibition?"

"And children then, too, I suppose? No, I see nothing of the kind. And a pass to Mrs. Darrach will be both for a woman and her children, who cannot have bread to eat if they cannot get flour. But if the safety of the city, and of the British army and its General, is to be endangered in some way by giving a pass to Mrs. Darrach, of course she must submit," and Isabella laughed a very pretty but still slightly ironical laugh.

Now we suppose it is only human nature, but it is a little curious to a philosophical mind, to see with what dislike a gentleman even in high authority, will run counter to the wishes of a lady who stands high in the circles in which he himself moves. Sir William evidently felt embarrassed. The color of the good wine he was so fond of deepened upon his face, and turning to his secretary, he said—

"Perhaps it would not be a very serious infraction of orders, Munchausen, to give Miss Graham the pass for her friend. We all know that the '*Friends*,' to their honor, are nearly universally loyal."

"We are all opposed to war and the shedding of blood," replied Mrs. Darrach.

"Yes, I know," said Sir William; "and to the rebels, because they made the war."

Lydia said nothing. She did not feel bound to contradict the General's assumption.

The secretary, who had taken up his pen at once, in answer to his General's suggestion, handed the pass to Isabella, who perused it, and finding it all correct, gave it to Mrs. Darrach.

And she, saying she had but scant time as it was, immediately left on her patriotic expedition.

"I am very much obliged to you, Sir William," said Isabella, in a tone that also seemed to say, and I would have been still more obliged if you had granted the favor at once.

"You are very welcome, Miss Graham. You know that we soldiers are sometimes compelled, by a sense of duty, to refuse what it otherwise would be our greatest pleasure to grant."

"I know that all men are very perverse and troublesome beings," replied Isabella, with something still left of the tone of offended belledom.

The General thought he had better change the subject. Glancing to his secretary, "Are you acquainted with Captain Munchausen, Miss Graham? I took it for granted you were acquainted. Captain Munchausen, Miss Graham."

The Captain rose and bowed—deeply. The lady bowed, but not very deeply.

"Captain Munchausen assists, I suppose, in writing your dispatches—your accounts of your victories, and things of that kind," said Isabella with apparent innocence.

Some of the wits among the rebels had said the same thing—though not very innocently—but Sir William had never had it said before to his very face. Again the claret deepened on his cheeks—but the lady looked as serene and smiling as possible.

"Yes, the Captain generally copies them out for me. He is my secretary, you know."

"I thought I occasionally recognized the touches of his pen," rejoined Isabella, smiling very benignantly upon both of them.

"All I do, Miss Graham, I assure you, is simply to transcribe; or else to write out what Sir William dictates," replied the Captain with frank sincerity.

"Ah, you are too modest by half, Captain. Is he not, Sir William? But I detain you, no doubt, from your important duties. Good-morning, General; good-morning, Captain Munchausen"—and Isabella, with her usual graceful dignity, left the office, being accompanied by the Captain to the front door.

"That's a d—d unfortunate name you have, Captain," cried Sir William, as gruffly as he was ever in the habit of speaking to his officers, when Munchausen re-entered the room.

"I am ready, Sir William, at any moment, to relieve you of the unpleasantness of it," replied the Captain, with gentlemanly dignity.

"Pshaw, my boy—don't get offended. I'll keep you in spite of all the wits, of both sexes, in the universe. But just see how unreasonable these pretty women are. Because I did not, at once, and without consideration, do as that magnificent Miss Graham wished, she would not entirely forgive me. I warrant she'll let me feel that I have displeased her, every time she meets me in society for the next month."

The Captain laughed. It was not entirely respectful, but he could not help laughing.

"If she were not so splendid a woman," continued his chief,—"some say that she and her sister are the two very finest women in Philadelphia—I should not care. But I really like the girl—in a fatherly way, of course—and old Musgrave, her guardian, is one of my best officers."

Here the entrance of half-a-dozen colonels interrupted Sir William's commentary on what had passed.

CHAPTER XIII.

After Isabella had left the house with Mrs. Darrach, Pemberton had sought out old Foxey.

"Any flag flying to-day, Foxey?"

"Oh no, Massa Arth—no flag to-day. Snow heavy do las' night, you know," with a grin.

"You [illegible] what I said the [illegible] a low tone. [illegible]

[illegible]

she gave him an account of her mission.

"It was lucky you went about, Bella," said he. "I would not have failed in getting that pass," he continued in a whisper, "for a thousand pounds."

"Then what are you going to give me?" asked Isabella archly.

He put his hand in his pocket, jestingly, as if to take out his purse; but she laughed and blushed, and said—"Oh, you stupid man!"

In an instant his arm was around her waist, his lips pressed to hers. "My own sweet, precious love," he exclaimed, in a low but passionate tone, still enfolding her queenly, yielding form; "only my country in her peril can rival you in my heart."

"Arthur—my prince, my king, my country, my all!" she murmured.

Suddenly she started from him. It was nothing but a noise in the street—but she resumed her seat at a more decorous distance.

"I did not want to be under any obligations to Sir William Howe," said she smiling.

"I am sorry, but indeed it could not be helped, Bella," replied Pemberton.

"Oh, it is all right. He refused my request at first—and so I left him under a sense of obligation to me, instead of the obligation being the other way. I could not have managed the matter better, had I planned it all from the beginning."

"That is curious," said Pemberton, his man's wit at fault; and it required a detailed account of the whole conversation, to show him how it was possible for a lady to accept a favor, and yet leave the burden of obligation resting upon the broad shoulders of the poor masculine who had, in one sense, conferred it.

The day rolled on. Mrs. Darrach, after trudging five miles through the snow, reached Frankford safely, saw Colonel Craig, (who had been sent by Washington expressly to pick up information,) and trudged back again with her sack of flour, feeling that she had done a life's work in that one day.

Major Tarleton's sentries, stationed in the garret of a neighboring dwelling, and armed with muskets, had kept a strict watch over *Foxey's* doings, but had seen no traces of any suspicious movements. As Tarleton himself rode in from the outposts, about 4 o'clock in the afternoon, he saw *Foxey* standing very unsuspiciously in front of the Pemberton mansion, talking with one of his sable brethren. Stopping his horse, and glancing up at the flag-staff, Tarleton said—

"Why, *Foxey*, you are not flying any flag to-day?"

"No, no, Massa Captin—Foxey no fly de flag in de snow—spile de nice flags, Massa Captin."

As Tarleton rode on, he heard Foxey say to the other negro—

"I s'pose you go to-night, Sam, wid all de rest of de sogers, hi! hi! hi!"

"Foxey evidently knows of the movement, and yet his flag—even the smallest one—is not flying," thought Tarleton. "I must be getting too suspicious. I would have bet fifty pounds to one, that either Foxey or his master, or both, were playing traitor."

Shortly after Tarleton had passed, Captain André knocked at the door, and inquired for the ladies. Colonel Musgrave had already been there, and taken an affectionate parting from his wards—for who could tell whether all who should leave the city that night, would return? With sad faces the two ladies entered the parlor into which André had been shown, for the parting with their much-loved guardian had deeply affected them.

"I came to bid you good-by for a day or two," said André, with forced gayety. "We start to-night, to pay General Washington a visit. We design it for a kind of surprise party, you know."

But his listeners looked more like crying than laughing.

"Oh, that this awful war were over!" said Isabella, with a deep sigh.

"None can wish that more heartily than I do," responded André. "But I see no other means of stopping it, than just this kind of one we are now pursuing. One good beating, and the Colonists, I think, would be ready to treat for peace."

"Good-by, Captain," said Isabella, rising, and holding out her hand—which André pressed warmly within his own—"I shall pray God daily and nightly for your safe return. And do be prudent, for the sake of those that love you."

"Good-by, my dear Miss Graham; and I know if prayers can aught avail me, I shall return safely from this conflict. Remember me to Mr. Pemberton and his mother, please. I do not care to have too many of these partings—they take the soldier out of a man's heart."

Isabella left the room, discreetly closing the door behind her, and André seated himself by Helen's side. So far she had said nothing; but now she flung her arms around his neck, and kissed him repeatedly, saying, between her kisses and her sobbings,

"Oh, John, I can hardly bear it! I cannot risk so soon the losing you!"

He comforted her as many another soldier had done in similar case before—and has done since—with embraces, with kisses, with honied words, with loving misrepresentations of the extent of the danger, with loving assurances of his faith that he should return unscathed—all those things which the sincerest man will say in such an hour, to the woman he dearly loves.

At last she grew more calm, and he ventured to say—

"I cannot linger, Helen; I have many duties yet to perform. Remember that you are the daughter of a soldier—and are to be a soldier's wife."

The crimson flush spread to her fair forehead at that last word, but it seemed to fill her veins with a more exalted life.

"Forgive me this weakness, sweet! The news came upon me so suddenly to-day. But I am a soldier's daughter—and I can be strong enough to be a soldier's wife."

So saying, she sat up erect, and wiped the tears from her cheeks, and looked as her father may have looked, perhaps, when he gazed right into the eyes of battle.

"Now, indeed, you are my own Helen, my proud one, my queen!" exclaimed her lover. "One kiss before I go. Remember, in life or in death, I am yours—yours only!"

"Yes, in life or in death, always mine, as I am always yours—always! always!"

They flung their arms around one another for a last embrace. They pressed their warm, palpitating lips together. They clung heart to heart. Then André tore himself from the arms of his mistress, opened the door, and left the house.

She sprang to the window, caught one returned loving glance, and [sinking?] heavily down upon the sofa, buried her face in her hands.

CHAPTER XIV.

[illegible]

into the field. He evidently deemed it his policy not to fight, unless at a great advantage. It was the old Roman story over again:—

"If you are the able general you claim to be," said Howe, "come out from your intrenchments and fight me."

"And if you are the able general you claim to be," replied Washington, "make me come out and fight you."

After various ineffectual attempts to do the latter, Gen. Howe ingloriously marched back to Philadelphia, taking with him forty wagon-loads of wounded men, and a considerable number of cattle. His army, not in the best of humors, burned and pillaged to no small extent—especially on the road the Hessians travelled—as they marched. Of course, without orders, as so many things of the kind get done in war—and which makes of war even a more cruel and horrible thing than it necessarily must be.

It was evening before the rest of the British army marched into the city. The larger portion resumed their old encampments on the northern outskirts of the town; but others, including of course the principal officers and their staffs, marched and rode into the heart of the city.

The citizens generally came out to their doors as they passed—and Mr. Pemberton, with the Misses Graham, imitated the general example. All felt gay and joyful, either at the failure of the British movement, or at the safe return of their friends, or for both reasons. Colonel Musgrave had passed, well splashed with mud, but looking as active as ever, and had pulled up to speak a word of greeting to his wards. And then André, in like plight, but with his brown face and eyes glowing handsomer than ever in the light which shone from the windows, also had halted to accost the young ladies, and to exchange a loving glance with Helen.

The ladies still lingered at the door, although thinking that all the military which were coming that way had passed, when another body of horsemen were seen trotting down the street. There seemed to be about twenty or thirty dragoons, for they were equipped like Tarleton's men, and in the rear three or four led saddled but unridden horses.

"I thought at first that was Tarleton," said Pemberton; "but it is not he. I believe I do not know them, though there is something familiar in the appearance of that second rider."

As he spoke, the rider in question left the ranks, and spurring up to the side of the street—and even inside the posts which then marked the line, instead of curbs—tossed a rose to the party in the porch, saying, very plainly, "With my best compliments to Miss Helen."

"Who is that, Helen?" asked her sister, eagerly, as Pemberton stooped and picked up the rose, evidently plucked from some greenhouse, or other sheltered nook, for it was too late for out-door roses.

Helen's face grew white. "I am not certain," said she. "But I fear—" here she paused.

"It cannot be," replied Pemberton, in a low voice; "it would be madness."

"What are you two whispering about?" inquired Isabella.

"It is cruel in him!" exclaimed Helen. "He has no right to put me to such a test."

"What do you both mean?" again asked Isabella, in a low but earnest voice, as Pemberton left them, and darted after the troopers, down the street.

"Sis," said Helen in a whisper, giving a cautious glance around her, to see that she was not in danger of being overheard, "it was Lieutenant Morris!"

"He knows I will not betray him," continued Helen excitedly, when they were seated again in the parlor; "but he has no right to put me to such a cruel test."

"Probably you are mistaken, Helen. It may have really been some English officer."

"What one is there, presumptuous enough to fling me a rose thus publicly?" said Helen. "None but a rebel would venture to do so—especially on so short an acquaintance."

"Oh, he is but a mere boy," replied Isabella—"and probably a little demented, since his wound. Do you not think so?—I see him now, kissing your hand the other day"—and she laughed.

"Bella, I think you speak rather unkindly, considering that Mr. Morris, if he is but a mere boy, did us such a great service," exclaimed Helen, with flashing eyes. "And, for my part, I saw nothing the least ridiculous in what he did at Mr. Livezey's. He felt embarrassed, doubtless—and it was rather awkward all round—but remember he thinks that I saved his life."

"Oh, I have no doubt that he is a very fine young fellow," rejoined her sister, not very consistently, but very sagaciously; "and I only wish that Arthur would come back, and let us know what it all means. Perhaps he has been converted, repented of his sins, and turned Tory."

"I wish he may get safely out of the city—without doing any mischief," said Helen.

After waiting with only a moderate degree of patience for about two hours, Pemberton returned.

"Was it he?" cried Helen.

"What does it all mean?" said Isabella.

"Did he get off safely?" added Helen.

"Did you hear anything about it?—do speak, Arthur!" exclaimed Isabella.

Arthur behaved as most men do, when met by a volley of excited questions—took his time to answer them. It is a failing which few, even of the noblest and best of their sex, are superior to. Adam doubtless thus plagued Eve.

"Ladies, if you will allow me just one moment in which to breathe, and collect my scattered thoughts, I will answer all your questions *seriatim*."

They waited, not patiently, but expectantly.

"It was he. It all means mischief. He did get off safely. And I did hear something about it. Any more questions?"

Helen raised her hand to box his ears. Isabella posed her graceful form before him—

"Mr. Arthur Pemberton, will you be kind enough to tell us what we want to know, without further delay, circumlocution, or needless aggravation?"

Pemberton smiled. "It was McLane and a party of his men, disguised as British troopers. They came in on the rear of the British. When they passed here, they continued on down Chestnut to Second—turning down Second. The Adjutant-General had just dismounted and entered his house with his papers before they came up. Good luck for him. On Second street bridge they overtook Captain Sandford on horseback, and carried him off with them. They then turned up Walnut street, and on the bridge there, captured Yarman, one of Cunningham's jail-keepers. Going out Walnut street they just missed Sir William Howe, and several colonels. They then pushed out to the Ridge Road, dashed boldly past the block house, where the guards, seeing their uniforms, supposed it was all right, and so on, I fancy, to the wilds of the [illegible] Yankee [illegible] will probably [illegible] after them in hot [illegible] they have full fifteen [illegible] Yankee friends [illegible]

[illegible]

"I [illegible] Helen [illegible] Morris [illegible]

[illegible] which was a [illegible] and a deep red [illegible] Helen [illegible] perhaps unconsciously, in her bosom.

"I do not see anything particularly silly in it," replied Helen. "I think it was audacious and reckless."

"Helen is very hard to please about Lieutenant Morris," said Isabella, a little slyly.

"Bella, you know better. I think Mr. Morris very much to blame indeed—very reckless and audacious—but I do not like to hear one who has done me, and all of us, so much service, ridiculed, and called silly."

"I said his action was silly—not himself," rejoined Pemberton.

"It is the same thing," replied Helen, as she left the room, not caring apparently to have the matter discussed further.

When she came to disrobe in her chamber that evening, she opened a little casket in which she kept, under lock and key, her most precious souvenirs of love and friendship, and put Philip's rose among them.

Was Helen rather inconsistent? You may think so—but it is because you do not look upon her from the right point of view. Her actions and words might appear inconsistent with each other, but they were not inconsistent with herself. For she who acts and speaks naturally and impulsively, must, perforce, upon a subtle cord of harmony, as on a fine gold thread, string all her apparent inconsistencies of word and action.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

☞ Dolly Varden jewelry is the latest form of fashionable insanity.

☞ One of our exchanges speaks of a new color, "burnt love-letter tint." That will do.

☞ "Spit-curls" are in fashion again.

☞ H. G. writes to a Berks county man thus: "I hear that in your vicinity you raise a small fruit called pretzels, which are said to be good when cooked. Please send me a few seeds, and I will set them out in the spring."

☞ Temperature of two-thirds of March—mean.

☞ Owing to nervousness at a railway station, a lady crammed her wallet into her mouth, and emptied lemonade into her pocket.

☞ Soon will the frisky canal horses commence their annual labors of keeping the tow line taut, and trying to get fat on barrel staves, with an occasional last-year's cornstalk thrown in as a luxury.

☞ Nothing: An open bung-hole without any barrel.

☞ A Missouri "society man" killed himself because he couldn't talk fast enough. But we can't see how that helped the matter. We don't believe he can talk a bit faster now.

☞ Joaquin Miller is to lecture in New England next fall. By way of an advertisement he has deserted and been divorced from his wife, has got engaged to a Scotch peeress, and wears a shirt with pink boa-constrictors writhing on a green ground.—*Chicago Post.*

☞ Mirrors have their uses, only the difficulty is to find them. This has been done in one case by a Boston shopkeeper, who, while showing a young lady gloves on Saturday, having to turn aside, saw in the mirror behind the shelves his fair customer put a pair of the kids into her pocket. Subsequently she selected a pair, and handed him $5. He simply said, "This will pay for both pairs." She blushed, and probably will not duplicate her glove selections in front of a mirror again.

☞ The Monroe County Register has commenced it. A rat has been killed in that county as large as a good-sized cat, fourteen inches long, and weighing 7¼ pounds. Next.

☞ A young man having married an heiress, said that it wasn't the face of his wife that struck him so much as her figure.

☞ Some one says that a strong argument against suicide is, that it is the height of impoliteness to go anywhere until you are sent for.

☞ Some very foppish young men have lately been trying the effect of the auriole hair dye, and gold powder on their complexions.

☞ It is related of a quarrelsome gentleman in Pike county, that, having been ignominiously kicked and cuffed by a rival bruiser, he explained his defeat by saying: "He come at me so sudden I didn't have time to git mad."

☞ One of the Western railroads has a female locomotive engineer of the beautiful blonde order. She makes the sparks fly.

☞ An intelligent youth, recently engaged in a commercial office, made out a shipping bill for "fourty" barrels of flour. His employer called his attention to the error in spelling forty. "Sure enough," replied the promising clerk, "I left out the gh."

☞ The "Dolly Varden" bonnets are said to be the prettiest and most becoming head-gear that has been worn by women for centuries.

☞ A new breed of cats—long-furred, bushy-tailed felines, called "coon cats"—is exciting much attention in Maine, where five dollars is paid for a good specimen.

☞ They have a professor of German at Cornell, who can swear in seven different languages.

☞ The English Ladies' Reform League propose, among other things, to wear a dress until it is worn out.

☞ A Wisconsin editor speaks of a wind which "just sat on its hind legs and howled."

☞ A Nevadian advertises that, though the rose may lose its fragrance and the shamrock wither, his 11 o'clock lunches, in their excellence, shall endure forever.

☞ It is said that the newsboys on the Hudson River Railroad are dissatisfied at the small destruction of human life and clothes, which they are able to effect by handing octavo volumes into the laps of passengers, and are next week going to begin to sell blacksmiths' anvils, samples of flour and glue to passengers. The anvils, glue and flour are to be flung into the passengers' laps, all having time to examine them closely before the boys return to pick them up.

☞ A good story is told of a St. Louis nobby dry goods clerk who attended a dance in the rural district a few evenings since. He wore a Cheviot shirt, and put on a great many airs. He was somewhat taken down, however, when he overheard one country lass say to another: "That St. Louis chap shines on a heap of style for a feller that wears a bed-tick shirt."

☞ A Belgian has found a way to determine the velocity of a woman's tongue.

☞ The three charity fairs in New York will keep all the fashionable ladies in the city active during April. Eli Perkins says: "All the pretty girls will be out, and all the fellows worth a cent won't be worth a cent when the fairs are through."

Saved—As By Fire;

OR,

CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE.

BY [illegible]

CHAPTER I.

[illegible]

continued Tom Lyon, carelessly. "You were surely not trying to frighten me?"

Still no response.

"That's a rich idea, really," pursued Tom, disdainfully. "I'll give you credit for it, old fellow, above ground. I thought you'd do me the simple justice to manage it a little better, as it is got up for my benefit, and take your position just a *little farther off*. Are you ready to go back to the world again?"

The silence continued unbroken; and Tom Lyon shrugged his shoulders contemptuously, without looking again towards the individual he had been addressing. "Well," he continued, in the same tone, "you may like your quarters under the earth, but I don't; it's neither cheerful nor safe. I prefer the free atmosphere of *terra firma*, and I'm going up. So here's luck to us." He gave a long, shrill whistle, between his hands, cried out in a sharp, piercing tone, and turned one ear upward in a listening attitude. A rumbling, continuous sound fell on his tympanum, and then Tom began to whistle a tune. Yard after yard of the immense hemp coil had been unwound, and presently the huge "lift," or bucket, came in sight. Tom held up his Davies' lantern, just before it rested, with a thump, on the dark sub-stratum of earth, and beheld the well-known phiz of Ned Kean, with its merry gray eyes, looking out at him.

"Where in the d—l do you come from?" was Tom's astonished and inelegant salutation. "I thought I had been talking to you for five minutes!"

"Don't speak lightly of his Satanic Majesty here," replied Ned Kean, in a mock-tragic tone. "We are nearer his accredited regions than I like to be, and he might overhear, and come out for us, for the 'Descensus Averni' seems to be almost made every time I come down into these horrible pits. Did you find your pocket-book?"

"Of course not. Some of the dirty, roguish thieves that work here every day picked it up after I went out yesterday; and there's no chance of hearing of it again. But who is that in the corner, yonder? He is drunk, or has lost his tongue. I thought you had come down after me, and were trying one of your old tricks; but I supposed you knew me most too well for that."

"I was preparing to follow you, when Tom Crouch rode up, and would not let me off until I had repeated to him all I knew about that note of Bob Herndon's, and the Hunt estate; so I could not get off. Shall we take another search in company, or go up?"

"Go up. We had as well look for a needle in a hay-stack, as I told them at first," replied Tom, with philosophical resignation. "And you, my fine fellow, whoever you are," continued he, turning once more to the mute figure, "if you want to be taken out this evening, you had better be stirring your stumps. There's no use shamming around us."

"Perhaps he's one of the regulars, and don't mind spending the night here. It's a very hardening life. They get so, they don't mind the thought of going down lower. But as he's taking it so very coolly, I think he must be asleep, unless it's a spirit from the infernal regions. Hold up your lamp, Tom; let's take a look at him." Tom did as desired.

"My God, Lyon!" cried Ned Kean, starting back in horror, "*It is a dead body!*" It was too true. As the young men leaned forward, holding their lamps aloft, that the object of their inspection might be the more clearly distinguished, they saw, sitting perfectly upright against the damp, dark wall of the subterranean vault, within a narrow niche, the body of a man, stark and rigid in death—a death that had claimed its victim days or even weeks before—they could not tell.

"Who can it be?" said Ned, in a low tone.

"It is impossible to tell here," replied Tom Lyon, turning very white and sick, as he went nearer. "Some poor wretch, I dare say, who had been drinking too much, and sitting down there fell asleep, and was poisoned by any of the noxious gases that are frequently so suffocating in a pit. And to think I was standing here, feeling really indignant at the supposition that it was you. What is to be done?"

"Have him taken out of course. But it's no use our meddling with a forgotten corpse. Let's get out with all speed, and request the superintendents to send some of their regular workmen down. Five feet below the earth's surface is deep enough to be put at last. But a hundred! Faugh. I feel as if the weight of Atlas were on my shoulders. Come, in God's name; for if the pit were a bed of diamonds, I don't think I could be induced to remain here another minute."

The young men hastily placed themselves in the bucket, and giving the signal, were drawn once more to the light of day.

"You two, look as if you had seed a ghost," said one of the men with a laugh, as Tom Lyon and Edward Kean stepped out of the shaft and shook themselves as though they were covered with cobwebs.

"We have seen a more loathsome sight—a dead and half-rotten man," replied Kean, dryly. "Where is Mr. Sully?"

"Up at the company's store, I think, just now, sir."

The two friends turned, and walked in the direction indicated.

Half an hour later, Mr. Sully, the manager, and with him quite a crowd, had gathered about the mouth of the pit. The body was brought out, amid an unusual silence; and a sickening and disgusting spectacle it presented.

The face and hands of the victim to unknown violence or disease, was [illegible] from decay and outwardly blackened by coal-dust until he might have been an Ethiopian for anything they could tell. The hair of his head, which came, however, would have satisfactorily belied this supposition, sloughed off in a mass of brown curls as they lifted him to a litter. He had on neither coat nor vest. His pantaloons were sound, but were saturated with water and grit. His blackened linen was of a superior texture. This was what the nearest of those saw as they looked at him.

"Where's Crouch?" asked one of the men.

"Gone the other way," was the answer. "We told him the singular circumstances of the discovery of a dead body—and that it was to be brought out and identified, if possible; but he hurried home, declaring he would not look at it for any amount of money."

"Unusual for a man of his nerve. What is it, Kean?"

"Good heavens! how horrible!"

"What?"

"It is the body of *Dr. Bob Herndon*."

"My God, can it be possible?"

"Here is the name on his linen; and a letter in his pocket directed to him. Apart from these evidences, the general make of the man would identify him. There can be no longer any doubt of his fate."

Ned Kean laid his hand full heavily on his friend Lyon's shoulder.

"Then, [illegible] he came to his death [illegible] Tom Crouch is the murderer [illegible]

[illegible]

seeming piety and [illegible] he could commit a murder like this, the [illegible] might make way with me with greater facility."

"If there are degrees of punishment in the next world," said Kean, shuddering; "surely the very refinement of torture should be inflicted on him who strives to cover iniquities that cry to heaven for vengeance, with the assumed mantle of piety! Poor Herndon! gay, jovial, trusting soul! May the swift retribution of the law be visited upon his slayer though he were my brother."

"Amen!" replied Tom Lyon, earnestly. "You remind me that an inquest must be held at once."

Tom was a coroner, and the requisite number of men being selected, [the jury?] proceeded to examine the body of the deceased. There were stains of fresh blood upon the bosom of his shirt, which could have proceeded only from a wound received previous to or at the moment of death. On a still further examination, a bullet was extracted from the left breast, in dangerous proximity to the heart. The flesh being in such a state of decomposition, it was impossible to tell where the ball had entered the body, or what course it had taken after doing so. Passing through one single division of the muscular and arterial organs, it was hardly possible for it to reach its present position without producing death—in nine cases out of ten it would sever an artery, and instant death would be the result. In view of these facts, together with the mysterious disappearance of Dr. Herndon some twelve days previous, the jury returned an unhesitating verdict of "*Death by violence.*"

The evidence, in the meantime, was placed before them. Dr. Herndon—the [illegible] surgeon of the Dover [illegible] had been seen by several gentlemen, as they testified, late as eleven o'clock at night, on Wednesday, the 8th of March. From that hour to the present he had mysteriously disappeared.

Dr. Herndon was a young man, living in the outskirts of the corporation. He had been constantly in the discharge of his duties since his appointment to the office, twelve months before, never having left his post but once, and then only for a single day. He had a sister living in Richmond, Va., the only relative that he had been known to possess in the state, or, indeed, elsewhere. Dr. Herndon had expressed no intention of leaving the place. He had had a slight difficulty with one of the members of the corporation, and had withdrawn five thousand dollars—which he had previously invested in the joint stock—on the very day of his disappearance. On the 1st day of January, of the same year, the company's safe had been broken into by some unknown party or parties, and robbed of twenty thousand dollars. The doctor had lost heavily in that instance; besides a stated sum of money, he had there deposited a sealed box, supposed to contain some old family plate, and papers of considerable value. The company had advertised, sent for detectives from Richmond, and taken out search-warrants to no purpose. No clue could be discovered as to the perpetrators of the deed. The parties concerned had groaned heavily—some of the more worldly may not infrequently have given utterance to expressions, which it may be neither elegant nor necessary to repeat. All of them, I believe, had abandoned every expectation of the recovery of their possessions as hopeless. Dr. Herndon had continued silently at his post, as we have said. Five thousand dollars reward for the apprehension of the burglars had been finally offered, but with no better results. Matters had continued thus until the 8th of March, when Dr. Herndon had withdrawn five thousand, the last of his deposits, as we have said, from the common treasury. Tom Crouch, Ned Kean, and another fellow, had been with Herndon after the money was drawn, until eleven o'clock at night. They had parted at that hour, the doctor saying that he would see Kean early on the morning of the 9th of March, and finally arrange some trifling business matter between them. Crouch had been heard to ask Herndon for the loan of a thousand dollars for a few weeks, on the same evening, and the doctor had declared his inability to do so, as he had made other arrangements for disposing of the money on the following day. Herndon had taken leave of Kean and his companion at precisely eleven o'clock, saying he was compelled to go, late as it was, to the pits, to see one of the hands, Mike Jones, on a matter of vital importance. Crouch had volunteered, as the witnesses deposed, to accompany Herndon, and they had started off together.

The windlass men were then sworn:

"At half-past eleven o'clock Dr. Herndon, in company with Mr. Crouch, had knocked them up, and paid them to let him down in the pit, Mr. Crouch accompanying him. A quarter of an hour later, being signalled, Mr. Crouch had come up alone, saying the doctor would be up in a short while with Crump and Neale, two of the miners. Receiving the signal in about ten minutes again, three men had stepped out, with their cloaks drawn about them. Crump had spoken to one of the three—a fellow named White. The third did not speak—it might have been Dr. Herndon—they could not swear, they had taken it for granted, he was, as Neale was known to have passed the night in the pit. Crump and White had walked off together. The third had been seen hurriedly to overtake Crouch, who had been whistling a tune, some ten yards off, in the opposite direction, and these two had walked off together. The next morning about daylight, Crouch had come to the pit, saying he must go down at once, as he had a message of importance for Mike Jones. Crouch had gone down, remained about fifteen minutes, as near as they could guess, and returned. At twelve o'clock in the day on the 9th of March, there had been an accident in the pit, an explosion by which three men—Crump, White and Mike Jones had been killed, and six others severely wounded. Dr. Herndon had not been down that day, and they sent up for him in great haste. Mrs. Crow, the old domestic who had kept the doctor's house, returned word that Herndon had not been at home since four o'clock on the preceding evening, and that she had been sitting up all night expecting him to come in. A messenger was sent to the hotel, and over the village, but the doctor was not to be found.

Dr. Finch, a neighboring surgeon, was called in. The wounded men had [illegible] to the opening of the shaft, and were taken out. When the mine could at last be explored, the charred remains of two bodies, identified as those of Crump and White were discovered, and given to their friends for interment. The third, that of Mike Jones who was also missing, was supposed to have been entirely consumed. There was much speculation as to where Herndon could have gone so late in the night—the men grumbling, sometimes at being compelled to have so inexperienced a doctor as Finch. They

pressed he hid suddenly and ostensibly taken the train for Richmond that passed the mines at one o'clock, and would return in the evening. One, two, three days went by, and still Herndon was absent. The managers knowing the case to be an unprecedented one, sent to Richmond to inquire of his whereabouts. His sister had neither seen nor heard of him. The sickness began to be alarmed. Orcutt was questioned as the last person seen in his company. He stated that Herndon had left the pit with White and Cramp, when they had walked away together, and Herndon and he had gone up the hill together. On their way, Herndon had told him that he could let him, Orcutt, have the money, which he had refused him earlier in the evening, as he Herndon had altered his plans considerably, since going in the pit, and if he would go with him in his office he would count it out to him. Orcutt stated that he followed the doctor into his office on one side of his yard, and that Herndon then paid him the money as agreed, and when he was about to take leave, Herndon had told him that he was suddenly determined to make a visit of a few days, and would ask of him, Orcutt, as a particular favor, that he would go by light before any of the daily hands entered the pit, and take a message to Miss Jones. Orcutt promised him to do so, and bade him good-night. The message had been this—

"Tell Miss Jones if he have sight of a single direction of mine WHILE he see me again he is a dead man!"

Orcutt had expressed some surprise at the nature and urgency of the message, and had demurred, but Herndon was intensely earnest, and looking much disturbed otherwise, he, Orcutt, had given his word, and departed. He returned home, slept, perhaps two hours, and seeing that it was day when he awoke, got up and dressed to go to the mine, and deliver the message. He was on ill on coming back that he went to bed again, and did not get up for two days. Did not know whether Herndon was going up or down the road, and had not heard him say where he was to stop. Could not tell what Herndon's business had been with such a man as Mike Jones—a fellow of no very good repute—at the hour of the night stated. Herndon had not told him, and he, Orcutt, did not like to seem inquisitive.

Matters had remained thus, as the public received the doubtful version, until *Herndon's body was found in the pit.*

"Who had gone down with him?

He had never been seen since the windlass man had lowered him in the mine. Cramp and White, the only men who could have certified to his *ever* having come out, were dead. The third man might have been—the man declared that he did look like Mike Jones himself.

Who had certainly come up without him?

Who had been investing some of the very notes that had been paid out to Herndon on the last evening he had ever been seen alive, when he had been heard to refuse the loan of them?

Tom Crocon.

"Let me see that ball, Finch," said Ned Kean eagerly, as the doctor at length extracted one from the dead man's breast. Ned took it in his hand and examined it closely. Then he hastily drew a double-barrel pistol from his pocket, and extracted the single load that remained in it. "These are very uncommon balls for a pistol," he continued. "I don't think many of you have ever seen the like before; and I think there can be no doubt that the two are from the same source. The pistol is mine. I loaded the two barrels on the 6th of March. On the evening of that day Tom Crouch came to my room, and seeing the pistol seemed to admire it very much, and asked the loan of it for a few days, as he was fearing a difficulty with some one, and the tube of his own single-barrel pocket Derringer was broken. Crouch returned mine on the 10th of March, with only one load, saying he had shot the other on the night of the sixth, the very evening he had borrowed it of a robber who had attempted to break into his store, but who he feared had escaped unhurt, as there were no traces of him when he deemed it *safe* to go out. All apprehensions of the difficulty he had expected had 'blown over,' he said."

The evidence was deemed incontestible.

A warrant was issued for the arrest of the murderer, Tom Crouch.

CHAPTER II.

Minnie Crouch sat by the window of her mother's snug little breakfast-room reading. The story was a new romance from the charming pen of the author of "East Lynne," and the changing expression of the girl's beautiful face as she turned the pages of her book, and followed the life-like characters from bridal to tomb would have been a pleasing study to an artist. It was only when the shadows of evening were lengthening across the grass that she closed it with a sigh, and appeared as if her thoughts had reverted rather painfully to some object of personal interest. In this connection, perhaps, she turned to the fly leaf of the book, and read aloud. "*Presented to Miss Minnie Crouch, by her friend, Dr. Herndon,* March 5th, 18—." Her deep blue eyes shadowed into absolute pensiveness by the long silken lashes seemed to linger on the simple inscription, in the bold, manly hand; and she only looked up, when a figure darkened the low open window.

"Put up the book, Minnie, it is too sad for you to read just now;" and a small hand was placed caressingly on her arm. It was her younger sister, Annie. A greater contrast could scarcely be imagined than existed between these two girls. A melancholy—perhaps not quite resigned—gentleness spoke in the attitude and look of the elder. The bounding step, merry eyes, and radiant bloom of the younger sister

"Made a sunshine in the shady place,"

so eloquent were they of perfect health and trust in the present, and perhaps of hope, unclouded by a doubt, for the future. As she stood, with the glorious sunset falling like a halo over her rich, fair hair, her joyous countenance and elastic form, she seemed to her soft-eyed sister of romance a vision almost too bright for this sin-stained earth—a thing of light and bliss—a "*joy forever*," that the apotheistical Greek might have placed among the forms of Heaven, and worshipped as an Aurora or Hebe.

"Come, Minnie," she pleaded, caressingly; "how can you stay in-doors this lovely evening? Do come out and walk with me. The day is indeed like something fresh from the hand of God—'A straggler from the files of June.' Come."

"Nay, Annie," replied Minnie, slightly turning away her head. "Go you back into the light and sunshine—it is your element. I am waiting here for Tom, and—I have another chapter to read."

"I am very sorry you will cling to those dark pictures of life just now;" and Minnie blushed as she saw that her eyes rested on the name of the giver; but Annie, absorbed in her own contemplations, spoke again. "Isn't it more than strange that Dr. Herndon does not come back? Tom is either strangely ignorant or unnaturally silent, and he grows angry—a thing never known before—whenever we question him. I wonder where he can be?"

"There is Mary Lomax at the gate," interrupted Minnie, as if anxious to change the subject. "Go out to her, Annie. You can say that I am busy reading somewhere, and do the entertaining. I don't feel like talking to any one. I can't see what is detaining Tom." The younger sister turned as directed, and went slowly out to meet her friend. She had before suspected that a destiny almost as strange as that which had sprung up between Minnie and Dr. Herndon, who had been a constant visitor at their house, up to the very day of his mysterious disappearance, and her sister's bereavement endowed in his continued absence left scarcely a doubt that Minnie's tender heart had been given to him, whether his own had been pledged or not; and the conviction brought perhaps the first serious shadow to her merry brow, as she ran away.

As the elder sister watched her retreating figure, the tears gathered almost unconsciously on her long, silken lashes, and fell upon the open page of the book, bedewing the name of her fugitive lover with an incense pure as ever Peri offered at the gates of Paradise. While the two girls still leaned upon the gate, the new Tom came up the street, and, passing just long enough to bid them good evening, pass through the arch, and went rapidly on to where she sat.

"Where have you been?" she asked, timidly, as he entered; for Tom, usually the easiest and best of souls, had not entered himself of late.

"Attending to some business, of which you know nothing," he answered, contemptuously. "The town was busy getting the body of a miner, which some of them found buried away somewhere in the pit, out into the world, who in his spirit no longer inhabits it, and I—went another way."

"Who was the man?" the questioned, with a blanched face.

"How should I know?" he exclaimed, fretfully. "Did I not just tell you I went another way? I won't stand all these questionings and suspicions."

"I am sure, Tom, they are very natural," she returned, still trembling.

"Natural! They are anything but natural," sulked Tom, with a half savage growl. "Because a fellow, who has no responsibilities, takes into his whimsical, half crazy head to go streaming off for a week or so, without leaving a bulletin to everybody who has not the least earthly concern in the matter exactly where he is gone and what for, the whole meddlesome town raises on the fellow who had the ill luck to be last seen in his company, and insults him with all manner of impertinent questions, until he feels half inclined to put an end to some of them in good earnest." She had only spoken of the miner's body, but here Tom had gone off without a word upon that other dreadful question.

"Don't say that, Tom," she cried out very bitterly, while her compressed lips grew strangely, ghastly white. "Oh, don't say that, if ever you had any love for us!"

"What is the girl up to now?" gasped Tom, in a trembling tone. "Minnie, are you going mad, like the rest of us?"

"I sometimes think, nay almost hope that I am," she whispered in a broken voice.

"Was ever a man so mad as I am?" cried her brother. "I shall certainly do something desperate if I am put upon in this way. You have a book in your hands, Minnie; read it, in heaven's name, and leave me alone!"

There was something between a threat and an entreaty in his tone, and the girl sank back in her seat with a strangely submissive, frightened look. She opened her book, it is true, but her eyes wandered furtively from time to time to her brother's half averted face. The majority of very young girls would have considered Tom Crouch an eminently handsome man. His figure was slight, but well made, and he had soft, clustering hair, white skin, and womanly blue eyes, very much like his younger sister, only where the girl's expression was indicative of superior thought and force of character, the man's was painfully blank; and the constant look of wavering irresolution or absolute insanity was doubtless by those who might be supposed to be judges to destroy the beauty of his clearly cut Grecian features. He was generally good-natured, and had even been declared by the coarse and gay entirely pious; but it had often been the subject of comment among his friends that when he was severely perplexed by business or otherwise uneasy, his eyes would assume the wild, frightened look peculiar to a hunted wild animal, and which made his face anything but a pleasant one to look upon. It were that expression now for a few moments as she looked at him, or there might have mingled with it a sullen, half-formed purpose of turning at bay and defying his pursuers. It left him by degrees, however, and he sat leaning his head upon his hand, with his face turned quite away from her; and Minnie's sad eyes reverted to her sister out at the gate. Mary Lomax, who had been reported quite in love with Tom, had lingered as long as she had any pretext for doing so, and had just passed out of sight. Annie stood half swaying her light figure on the gate, looking away apparently at the sky, when three men came up in another direction and paused to speak to her. Minnie recognized Ned Kean, Mr. Fleet, the constable, and she thought the other was Mr. Howard Matthews, the sheriff. Any one would have thought her about to faint, as still eagerly watching she observed them passing her sister, and entering the yard enclosure. She closed her eyes for a moment, as if to shut out some fearful spectacle, and when she gained courage enough to look up again, Mr. Fleet was bowing to her outside the window.

"Ah, Miss Minnie, good evening. I see your brother is with you. May I venture to come in through so irregular a mode of entrance as a window?"

He did not wait for her trembling lips to frame the words that died huskily away upon them, but throwing up the sash a little further with one hand, stepped into the room.

"Where are?—I thought—I saw—" she began.

"Kean and Fleet? So you did, my dear," he replied coolly. "*They* went up to the front door, and will come in that way, but I, being so much more intimate, and an old married man to boot, ventured. Oh, Mr. Crouch, good—" The words died away.

Tom Crouch turned around with a face as white as the wall beyond him, with the wild look again in his eyes, and drawing one trembling hand quickly from his bosom, flashed a pistol in the face of the constable. The cap had strangely, who will not say providentially? exploded without discharging the ball, and the man sprang upon the culprit with the bound of a tiger. Minnie had given one unearthly shriek and fallen in a swoon upon the floor. At the same instant Ned Kean and the sheriff rushed in through the door; but the unfortunate culprit was already flat upon his back, while Fleet's knees were on his breast.

"This amiable young man has been trying a second murder," he hissed between his teeth. "Only it wasn't so cleverly managed, and he didn't have a very trusting and unsuspicious bosom friend to deal with this time. "There, Matthews, take those nice iron bracelets out of your pocket and slip them over his white hands; perhaps they'll set like a pretty toy on any other innocent, and charm him out of his ill humor." Mr. Matthews bent over as requested, and handcuffed the prisoner with remarkable dexterity. The constable then rose, and bade him get up, unfeelingly enough.

Crouch now rose to his feet, and glared on them with speechless indignation or malignity.

"Tom, my pious young man," said Ned Kean, in a harsh tone, "I volunteered to come here to aid in your arrest, as readily as though it were the pleasantest duty I ever performed in my life, when I thought of poor Bob Herndon; but I swear to you I am truly sorry, when I think of that young woman lying yonder, and the one we passed at the gate, until I would almost screen you, double-dyed murderer and hypocrite that you are, if I could. Did you think your shooting an officer in the discharge of his duty would help your cause any?"

"Why are you all inspired to worry a fellow until he is half mad, then?" cried the prisoner, hoarsely. "You should have thought of them from the first."

"If reports be true, you were particularly unmindful of the feelings of her who has been," replied Kean, mournfully, "apart from the disgrace you bring upon both. You do not even ask why we are here to arrest you."

"What's the use of asking?" he said, fiercely. "Haven't I seen it in your face, especially for the last ten days?"

"Your guilty consciousness was your strongest accuser," replied Ned. "Whatever suspicions I may have entertained, I breathed them to no one, until the body was found to-day."

"Then it was Herndon's body in the pit?" said the prisoner, in a low tone. "Something told me it would prove to be."

"No wonder," put in the sheriff, with a sneer. "But I warn you, Crouch, be on your guard as to what you say; it will be given in with the evidence."

"What difference does it make what *I* say?" he cried. "You all are determined to hang me, and you might as well do it here, without the slow tortures of any other judge or jury." At that instant a face, more like that of a ghost than a living creature, appeared at the window, and, with but an instant's pause, glided into the room. It was Annie Crouch; but those who did not know her very intimately would never have supposed it the same face that had looked in there half an hour before.

"Gentlemen, for the love of the good Lord, tell me why is this?" The voice was cracked and broken, like that of an old woman. Even Mr. Fleet, the man whom the prisoner, in his frenzy, had attempted to kill but a few moments back, was visibly touched.

"Young lady, it is an ugly story," he said, taking her hand. "But you must not give way. Perhaps there may be some mistake. The body of a man has been found, supposed to be that of Dr. Herndon: and as he evidently died by violence, and your brother was the last person seen with him, the law, you know, requires that he should be examined."

"Then you dare to come here, as the accredited agents of a farce called *Law*, that will not protect honorable people from insult!" she cried, with flashing eyes. "And you accuse *my brother of a murder!*"

The law frequently holds a man accused, until he prove himself *innocent*," was the reply. "But, *my* dear young lady, this is no fit scene for one of your years and sex. See, too, your sister is recovering, and needs all your attention, for she fell like one dead, on our entrance." Minnie had indeed risen up, moaning as if her heart were broken. Annie flew to her, and clasped her in her arms.

"Come, darling Minnie," she murmured, "we will not stay where these rude men are. Let us retire to our room; and Tom will be back at least to-morrow. Will you not, Tom?" But Tom answered never a word. While Minnie escaping from her, rushed up to her brother, and throwing herself at his feet, clasped him about the knees, and lifted her tearless face, piteously to his.

"Tom, darling, darling Tom," she cried out, "My heart is breaking. Tell me that you did not kill him. Tell me, before you go, that his blood is not on my *brother's* hands, and I promise you to bear up and watch for your return.

See!" muttered the prisoner, with white, trembling lips. "Even my sister believes me guilty, and conspires to prove it! Poor child! she is about to faint again. No, no, Minnie, my hands are free from—" but he did not finish, for Ned Kean had caught her in his arms, as she fell, and whispering hurriedly to Mr. Mathews, beckoned Annie to follow him, while he took her into their parlor, and laid her on one of the sofas. The two remaining men led their prisoner quickly out before the others could have time to return, and thus Tom Crouch was conveyed to the county jail.

While Ned Kean went out to summon some suitable assistance to the two unfortunate girls, Annie again restored her sister to consciousness by chafing her hands and administering cordials.

"Have they taken him away?" was her first whispered question, and Annie with bowed head answered in the affirmative. She could not however be induced to retire until she had wearied her listeners with question after question upon every point of the evidence, the strongest of which were in mercy concealed from her for the time, when she was carried up to her bed too ill to remain out of it a moment longer. These two young creatures were never seen out after that, and the house had the appearance of being shut up, for every one but a very few old and tried friends, avoided it as if they too were afraid of being murdered within its walls. Dr. Finch went in and out at intervals, and reported Minnie in a slow fever.

Tom Crouch was not destined to linger any great while in prison. The quarterly term of the Court coming on just then, he was indicted by the Grand Jury on the charge of murder, and immediately after brought to trial. The evidence as already stated, was discussed by powerful counsel. The conductors of the train going down at one o'clock, and the one going up at four were called in by the defence, but testified that no passenger had been taken on either of them at the neighboring depot on the night stated. Dr. Herndon had not left the city by any public conveyance. Mrs. Crew, the housekeeper stated that he had certainly not come in the house, as she always got up to open the door for him, and none of his baggage, had been sent for, yet he had disappeared on the following morning, and as the prosecuting attorney stated pointedly, had neither been seen nor heard of until his body had been accidentally found in such a position in the pit that he must have assumed it voluntarily, or been placed there, when he was no longer capable of action, by the hands of his murderer. There was a pistol shot in his breast, which in the absence of any weapon on or near the deceased plainly testified that it was not *suicide*. He had been killed, and afterwards put there. It had been already proved in evidence that the shot had proceeded from a pistol in the possession of the prisoner. The two men had been killed who alone could have given testimony that the deceased had never left the mine alive after going down with the prisoner, any one might have been induced to take a seat with them, they could now never know who. It was too plain that it had not been the deceased who had already been murdered in the darkness of the subterranean caverns. The prisoner's visit to the pit before any one was astir the next morning was easily accounted for in the face of the cock-and-bull story of a crazy message to an ill conditioned miner. He had gone to screen the body more effectually from observation. If there could be a single hope for the prisoner it would spring from the death of the two men, Cramp and White whose testimony alone was wanting in the prosecution to show that Dr. Herndon had not left the mine with them.

There was none.

The verdict was returned, as all felt that it would be, if the purposes of justice were served, "*Guilty of wilful murder.*"

The prisoner's plea, "Not guilty," was scarcely remembered by any one, or was taken, of course, as the promptings of the defence, and sentence was formally pronounced. The prisoner, heavily handcuffed, was followed to the doors of the jail by a hooting mob, and the heavy doors closed on him, till he should be taken out for execution.

The three weeks of grace had expired, and the condemned man looked out through his grated windows on the last sunset that he should ever behold.

His eyes were suffused with tears, for a minister of the Gospel had just quitted him, entreating him that he would not go into eternity with a falsehood on his lips.

"Only one more night," he murmured, "and then comes the day that has no to-morrow."

He had not seen the door open, nor heard a footstep beside him until a hand rested on his shoulder, and a noble, manly face, rushing into his, said—

"Thank God, dear Tom, you are free!" but Tom only threw up his hands, and retreated in horror.

"Have you come to mock me at the last hour?" he cried. "Why could you not leave me to my fate, as it is?"

"Because I can never forgive myself for what you have already suffered, from blind folly on our side, and a strange force of circumstantial circumstances on the other," replied the voice, in its natural and hearty tones for any ghost. "Don't you see I am Bob Herndon in the flesh, and that it is all a cruel mistake? Come, my dear fellow, here are a host of friends. Ned Kean, Tom Lyon, and I can't say who, come to escort you back to the house from which you were so unjustly taken."

And there, indeed, were all the old familiar faces, smiling and shedding tears at one and the same time, about him. Tom was rather hard of understanding at first, but the story was easily enough told.

The body found in the pit was that of Mike Jones, who had died of heart disease. He, the said Jones, was the burglar who had been shot by Orcutt while attempting to break into his store a few nights before the disaster by which he was falsely supposed to have perished. He had hurried to Herndon's office, under the fear of death; showed his wound, and promised, if the doctor would save his life, he would tell him about the great bank robbery on the 1st of January. He then confessed that he and a fellow named Wareham, in the pits, had participated in the burglary; but that the money, with the box belonging to Herndon, had been taken to Canada by the principal robber, a fellow from the city, called Kelly; and that he would inform where the safe and goods could be found. Herndon had then dressed Jones's wound, fearing to search for the bullet, as the man was known to have heart disease, and had put on him one of his—the doctor's—old linen shirts. He had then promised Jones that he should be taken as state's evidence, and escape prosecution, if he would keep silent, and have an eye on Wareham while he—the doctor—should start secretly to Canada. Herndon had withdrawn his last bank deposit partly for this purpose; had gone to the pit to command Mike Jones to keep an eye on Wareham, and if necessary, have him arrested, to prevent him from telegraphing to his accomplice, Kelly, and thwarting his plans. While in the pit, Jones had told him of some circumstances which secured him of the speedy recovery of their property; and he was thus enabled to lend Crouch the amount that had been near hanging him. He had been so secret, because, in case Jones was telling the truth, he wished to have every advantage of the communication. He, Herndon, had reached the depot too late for the down passenger train, and had taken the freight train, half an hour later. In this manner he had started, and hurried swiftly through to British America. Mike Jones had evidently hid himself in the niche where he was found, to watch the movements of Wareham, and while there had been stricken with paralysis of the heart. The doctor and Jones being both reported missing, Wareham had probably suspected something, and going off, as he had done, had sent some sort of intelligence to Kelly; for Herndon, with his corps of experienced detectives, had only succeeded in capturing Kelly within the last week, when, returning within the territory of the United States, he had fallen, by the merest chance, upon a house paper, and been astounded by the report of his own murder, and the conviction of Thomas Crouch.

This was the story.

It is needless to speak of Tom's triumphal march home, or the joy of the two beautiful young girls, who had learned of Herndon's return, and were eagerly awaiting their arrival. Tom confessed that he had been maddened by the evident suspicions that attached to him; and being appalled himself at the force of the evidence, had shot off the pistol at Mr. Fleet, without being at all conscious of what he did; but the affair was hushed up, and the kind-hearted constable declared he had rather have been wounded quite severely than for Tom Crouch to have anything more to do with law, of which he himself was beginning to entertain a considerable disgust.

Dr. Herndon and Minnie Crouch were married but a few weeks afterwards, and it is reported that Tom Lyon and Annie are soon to follow their example; though there are many who declare that if Tom had not carefully concealed from that high-spirited young lady his belief in her brother's guilt, he would have found it much more difficult to win her conviction.

As for Ned Kean, he was heard to regret that Tom Crouch was not a girl, too, that he might have taken one of the family.

Attempted Political Assassinations.

The record of attempted assassinations goes to show that it is rarely successful when even skilled men attempt the lives of great personages. In 1857, Pianori, who was subsequently guillotined, actually seized the bridle of the Emperor's horse in the Champs Elysées, in spite of innumerable police agents in private clothes who constantly accompanied him in his peregrinations, and fired a pistol in his face. The muzzle was so close that the shot burned the moustache, but missed its aim, and yet Pianora was reputed one of the best shots in Italy and France, and had practiced constantly for two years. Orsini's bombs were hurled at the Emperor's carriage before the opera at a distance of four paces, and produced no effect, except that of killing several persons who were standing at a considerable distance from the carriage. The Pole Berezowski's attempt on the life of the Emperor of Russia, which took place in 1866, during the Paris Exhibition, was made under equally favorable circumstances. Bérezowski fired almost from under the wheels of the Imperial carriage, with a six-barrelled revolver; but an equerry-in-ordinary, M. Raimbault, perceiving the danger, made his horse rear, and the bullet intended for the Emperor Alexander struck the animal in the chest. Even then the pistol was misdirected, and would have done no harm. Another striking instance to the same effect was presented by young Blind's attempt on the life of Prince Bismarck. Blind was a first-rate marksman—he had won the Wimbledon Cup—and although he discharged the six chambers of his revolver while grappling with the German Chancellor, none of them took effect. There are many more instances of attempted political assassination, admirably contrived, and executed by fearless persons, which have one and all failed on account of momentary emotion when the deed was being attempted.

☞ In an article on a recent Fair in that town, the editor of a Macon paper says a brother editor took a valuable premium, but an unkind policeman made him put it right back where he took it from.

The Great Tichborne Case—The Collapse.

The following résumé of this case, which has caused such excitement in England, will doubtless be read with much interest. The article is taken from an English paper.

From audaciously claiming an enormous estate and £30,000 a year to a call in Newgate to a rapid and startling descent. Such a descent happened to the real plaintiff in the cause Tichborne *vs.* Lushington, on Wednesday, March 6, 1872. In the morning of that day he was the "Claimant," fat and smiling although dubiously; in the afternoon he was a prisoner in Newgate, committed to that dreary "dungeon of despair" by Chief Justice Bovill as Thomas Castro, on the charge of wilful and deliberate perjury. The denouement was characteristic of the most sensational law case of our day, and quite in keeping with the inglorious prognostication of the "Claimant's" leading counsel, Serjeant Ballantine, who in his opening speech declared that if his client were not Sir Roger Tichborne, he was the greatest impostor of modern times. The latter at present prima facie he undoubtedly is, for, unless he can prove on his trial that he is not only not Thomas Castro, or anybody else, but one Sir Roger Tichborne, erroneously supposed to have been drowned at sea upwards of seventeen years ago, he will most unquestionably be condemned to penal servitude for a lengthened period, and in all likelihood in her majesty's healthy but disconsolate mother convict at Portland make the acquaintance of one Tom Provis, who some years ago failed most egregiously to make himself out to be heir to the Ambleton Baynton estates. Our readers must be tolerably well acquainted with the leading incidents of this, the latest attempt to jump into a fine inheritance; but we fancy they will not object to our putting on record the leading particulars so far as they tend to illustrate the catastrophe. With a pen liberated from all fear of Chief Justice Bovill, we may with refreshing freedom briefly recapitulate the facts in Tichborne *vs.* Lushington as they are at present actually before the public. As is well-known, the heir to the Tichborne baronetcy, having been "drowned in love," took to running the wide world round and was last heard of at Valparaiso, where he shipped for New York on board a vessel called the Bella, which beyond all doubt was wrecked, and as supposed, all on board were lost. The underwriters paid the insurances, and everybody connected with the unfortunate ship believed her to be gone for good. But about ten years afterwards—and here the romance of the case commenced—a mendicant tar (?) wandering near Tichborne House, encountered Lady Tichborne, the mother of the drowned heir, and the mother-feeling being strangely uppermost in her heart, she asked him whether he had ever heard of the Bella, and whether it was likely any on board of her were saved. The "wandering tar," smelling money, put some leading questions to the poor old lady, and by this means gathered sufficient from her to palm off upon her such a story that she straightway took to advertising for her lost son. That "sailor" (?) never again appeared on the scene. Could he not have been fished out of some goal or workhouse? In due course her advertisement got extensively circulated in Australia, and lo and behold! the "Claimant," disguised for years as a bushranger and butcher, announced himself as the veritable Sir Roger Tichborne, who, for various reasons, or no reasons whatever, unless the supposition of lunacy was taken into account, had for years abandoned himself to more than a sordid way of living, for it was degraded. He came to England, went to Paris, was mysteriously recognized by the half-crazy Lady Tichborne, and forthwith proceedings were commenced in Chancery to upset the will of the "resurrected" Sir Roger, in order, as the French say, that the rehabilitation of the real man might be effected. After as much swearing by affidavits as would have reflected honor on the most swearing army in Flanders or elsewhere, the court ordered an issue to be tried in the Common Pleas, and Colonel Lushington, being tenant of Tichborne House, the ancestral seat, became the nominal *defendant* in an action of ejectment, which lasted exactly 103 days, and ended in a remarkably dramatic manner. On Monday, March 4, the jury, after having heard in support of the claimant the evidence of eighty-five witnesses, comprising the mother of the baronet, living or dead, the former family solicitor, one baronet, six magistrates, one general, three colonels, one major, two captains, thirty-two non-commissioned officers and privates, four clergymen, seven tenants of the estate, sixteen servants of the family, and twelve general witnesses, who all swore to the identity of the claimant as the real Simon Pure, Sir Roger, and against these eighty-five having only the testimony of seventeen witnesses before them, stopped the case, with the declaration that they did not want to hear any more evidence. Their minds were made up on its merits as a whole, but particularly on, for the "claimant," the damning facts that the real Sir Roger was not a bit like him, nor could he by any process, *lusus naturæ* or otherwise, become so, and that the lost Sir Roger was proved to be tattooed in a very remarkable manner, while the claimant was not. Upon this, the claimant's counsel elected to have a nonsuit, which, for all practical purposes, amounted to a verdict for the defendant; whereupon my Lord Chief Justice Bovill, under a statute passed in the present reign, committed the claimant to gaol for perjury. The jury received the balance of their fees, amounting in the whole to the respectable sum of £1,169 13s., and the great cause of Tichborne *vs.* Lushington was removed from the Common Pleas to the Central Criminal Court. Costs, of course, were granted, and as they amount to upwards of £40,000, should the claimant escape Portland, there will be that heavy bill to pay before he can take any further proceedings. And then there are the costs on his side, which cannot be less, so that many others besides Thomas Castro, or whoever he may be, will have bitter reason to remember the *cause célèbre*, Tichborne *vs.* Lushington.

☞ An Illinois pastor's fifteenthly was interrupted by two men, who organized a prize fight and stabbed one another seriously. The congregation was very indignant, it being an invariable rule in the community that no shooting or stabbing shall be done during church time.

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DR. LIVINGSTONE IN 1856.

The Rev. P. Benton, an English Army Chaplain, who happened to be stationed in Mauritius in 1856, when her majesty's brig Frolic with Dr. Livingstone on board, cast anchor in the harbor of Port Louis, thus describes the personal appearance of the celebrated traveller at that time.

His appearance was somewhat remarkable. His hands, face, and throat were as dark as an Arab's; his controls distended like those of the African races; his movements and gestures abrupt, but highly expressive. He looked more like a Hovah chief than an English traveller. It was only natural he should do so; he had spent years in the interior, without conversing with a European, till little was left to distinguish him from his uncivilized associates, save his fairer skin and superior intelligence. When he tried to speak English, the words came slowly and with effort, as if he had been speaking a foreign tongue. At Kilimane, a month before, he could scarcely speak English at all; during the voyage to Mauritius he had gained a little by constant intercourse with the officers and men.

His dress, also, was somewhat peculiar. In starting on his journey across the interior, he had not encumbered himself with too much clothing, though we are not aware that he ever adopted that peculiarly airy costume which Mansfield Parkyns assumed, and recommends to all African travellers. His wanderings through bush and through briar had dismantled him of most of his European dress, so that when he reached Kilimane there was little left of that approved costume which fashion has made *de rigueur* in civilized life. But the officers of the "Frolic" did their best to supply this want; each one contributed something, till, in nautical phrase, he was completely rigged out. At our first meeting he wore an officer's cap with gold band, a black tie with sailors' knot and turn down collar, a black dress-coat, with white trowsers and vest. His clothes sat somewhat awkwardly upon him, and he was evidently not quite at his ease. We have seen a Maori chief show the same uneasiness when first induced to assume the garb of the Pakeha.

Soon after his arrival a general desire was expressed that he should give a lecture on his travels. The idea was a novel one in Mauritius; no one had ever been known to give a lecture there except Captain Fishbourne, R. N., who tried to convey to the Creole mind some idea of the law of storms, and only with limited success. Livingstone excused himself at first, on account of his limited command of English. For the same reason, also, he declined to preach when invited to do so. He told me himself that he thought in Bechuana, and in conversing had to translate his thoughts into English, a slow and difficult process. So many were anxious to hear him, however, that his scruples were overcome, and he consented to point out, publicly, on a large map of Africa, the course of his travels. The Freemasons of Port Louis placed their hall at his disposal, and on the appointed day all the notables of the colony met to hear him. It was the most interesting lecture I ever heard in any country, or on any subject. There was no redundant verbiage; the words came from his lips one by one as if each were recalled by a separate effort of memory, but his gestures were so expressive that every one could understand what he meant to convey. His lecture was pervaded by a constant flow of that quiet pawky humor characteristic of the Scot, and discernible in his book, though much toned down. It was somewhat singular that, though the cause of laughter to others, he never laughed himself. His sense of the ludicrous was expressed by no audible sound, but by a certain twitching of the features significant of laughter among his African friends. The African negro *par excellence*, is emphatically a laughing animal. When he laughs he does so with his whole soul and body. With him laughter is a passing convulsion, which shakes him to his very foundations. But the Africans of Malay origin, Livingstone's most frequent associates in his travels, though not deficient in the sense of the ludicrous, are grave and solemn in their bearing, rarely expressing their laughter by audible sounds, and he had unconsciously assimilated himself to them in this as in many other respects.

VENTILATION OF THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES AT WASHINGTON.

The fresh air is taken through the basement into the cellar, and there forced up by fans through an immense stack of dirty, rusty iron pipes, coated by many years' accumulation of rust, particles of decaying animal and vegetable matter, roasted up afresh every day; from thence it is driven through a labyrinth of unclean horizontal air duets, filled with the mouldering and decaying dirt that has collected for years, and finally driven through the uncleaned spittoons (originally intended for registers) arranged all over the floor of the House, issuing into the room at a temperature of from 100° to 120°—a warm, debilitating, filthy, disgusting mass for the members to breathe.

And yet, some of the committees, in making very elaborate examinations and reports to Congress, fail to discover any very excessive amount of carbonic acid, and by counting the number of revolutions of the great fan, and calculating how much fresh air ought to be thrown in at each turn thereof, suppose there must necessarily be an abundance of air, such as it is, sent into the building somewhere; consequently they declare it to be the best ventilated building in the world.—*L. W. Leslie.*

THE OHIO LIQUOR LAW.—That Ohio liquor law which enables the wives of drunkards to recover damages from the sellers of liquors is being used in an instrument of blackmail. Dissolute husbands and unprincipled wives at Columbus have been combining their efforts to make a handsome income from the saloon-keepers. The husband gets drunk, and the wife straightway demands of the saloon-keeper, the payment of twenty, seventy-five, or fifty dollars, as the case may be, the price of a suit for damages. This law certainly needs a little doctoring.—*Exchange.*

☞ THE ANNAPOLITES.—Domestic. Young Lady (cooking pie)—"Frank, the kitchen's not there for you!" Clever Youth—"It isn't the dough, cousin, it's the dough."

AN ANNIVERSARY.

BY PAUL HAYNE.

O Love, it is our wedding-day!
What music have we with the joyous fire—
A ruddy noise of dancing blaze,
That sets your royal head to dance,
Your dainty hands, whose sweet soul rests
As Love's equal self, the evenness!

O Love, it is our wedding-day,
And memory flies from west to east;
I watch the cool hour-harvesting prey
Of blushes o'er your cheek spread,
And shy but fond heart-knowledge that
Of tranquil joy in tender eyes.

O Love, it bears wedding-day!
The very rustling of your dress,
The trembling of your arm that day
On mine, while I caressed, impress,
Your fluttered breath and faint heart-fish—
Ah, sweet, I hear, I see them all!

O Love, it is our wedding-day,
And back upon Time's plunging current rolls,
Till life's and love's complement May
Once more is blooming in our souls,
And, hark-like, sweet the songs of hope,
Your blended bridal horoscope.

O Love, it is our wedding-day—
Yet nay, did these fair hours but sing,
Lapped in the tenderest notes of May,
To die or droop on dissevering wing,
What immortality, hence and evermore, chills
Made pale the heavens and veiled the hills?

O Love, it is our wedding-day,
And gone of those glad hopes of youth,
Uplifted in its height, outpeered a sky
To match our future's simple truth;
Though deep the joy of vow and union,
Our wedded calm is more divine!

O Love, it is our wedding-day!
Life's summer, with slow-waning beam,
Tints the near autumn's cloud-lined gray
To softness of a fairy dream,
When Peace by nesting Psyches kissed,
Smiles through a vale of golden mist.

O Love, it is our wedding-day;
The conscious winds are whispering low
Those passionate secrets of the May
Preaught with your kisses long ago;
Warm memories of our years remote
Are trembling in the mock-bird's throat.

O Love, it is our wedding-day—
And sing a thrush in woodland bowers,
And not a harvest's silvery lay,
Nor day [illegible] mid the flowers,
Nor any voice of land or sea,
But deepens love to ecstasy!

Our wedding-day! The soul's essential!
In these rare words at watchful rest
What sweet, melodious meanings hide
Like birds within one balmy nest,
Each quivering with an impulse strong
To flood all heaven and earth with song!

ALFRED DE MUSSET.

Picture to yourself a salon of 1833, one of those famous gatherings of the beauty, the fashion, the genius of Paris that glorified the Sunday evenings at the Arsenal. Poets and painters chatted together in the quiet corners; Lamartine and Sainte-Beuve, Alfred de Vigny and Victor Hugo, with the other young journalists who had been setting the Seine on fire with their revolutionary notions in literature as well as politics, might be seen like wandering comets threading the mazes of the revolving crowd. Chateaubriand and De Balzac were there to represent sentimentalism and realism, while M. Beyle (Stendhal) was gathering materials for his caustic critiques. His mission was to put down vanity and he seemed to be looking for it in every one he met, that he might immediately attack it. "But I do not think he was malicious," said one of his lady friends; "he gave himself too much trouble to appear so."

Among all the brilliant crowd no one attracted more attention than a young man about twenty-three years of age, slender, not very tall, and dressed with extreme fastidiousness. His abundant curls of light hair were most carefully arranged to set off his well-shaped head, and his dark whiskers and almost black eyes gave vigor and force to his physiognomy. The Grecian outline of his nose, and the noble arch of his forehead, increased his air of high-bred distinction, still further heightened by the fire of genius which lit up his expressive face. It was the Byron of France, as his contemporaries loved to call him; the poet of youth, as he called himself, of whom Heine said that at thirty he was a man with a splendid past, and whom Sainte-Beuve painted with one of his delicately felicitous touches as "Cherubino at a masked ball, playing the part of Don Giovanni;" the petted prodigal of Paris; the best-loved man in life, the best-loved poet after death—the brilliant Alfred de Musset.

* * His life was like that of some lush young plant forced into premature luxriance and bloom in the torrid atmosphere of a hot-house, wasting its sap in one splendid burst of beauty, to wither before it has time to keep the promise of its youth. Taine compares him to a blood-horse dashing across the country, stimulated by the odors of the flowers and the magnificent novelty of the vast sky, to frantic efforts, which destroy everything before him, and will soon destroy himself. "He asked too much of things," says this acute critic; "he wanted to drain life in one fierce and eager draught; he would not gather, would not taste its grapes, but tore them away in one cluster, bruised, pressed, and wrenched them off, and was left with stained hands, and a thirst as ardent as ever. Thence those sobs, echoed by all hearts. What! so young, and already so weary! So many precious gifts—an intellect so fine, a tact so delicate, a fancy so mobile and so rich, a flame so precocious, so sudden a blossoming of beauty and of genius, and at the same instant, anguish, disgust, cries and tears! What a medley! With the same gesture he adores and he curses. The eternal illusion, the invincible experience, are side by side in his soul, to struggle and to rend it. He has grown old, and he is still young; he is a poet, and he is a skeptic. The Muse and her tranquil beauty, Nature and her immortal freshness, Love and its happy smile—all the crowd of divine visions has scarcely passed before his eyes when we see hurrying up, amid carcasses and curses, all the spectres of debauchery and death. Like a man in the midst of a feast who drinks from a chiseled goblet, standing in the foremost place, amid applause and the blare of trumpets, with laughing eyes and joyful heart, warmed and quickened by the generous wine which courses through his veins, and whom all at once we see turn pale; there is poison in the bottom of the cup; he falls with the death-rattle in his throat; his feet beat convulsively upon the silken carpets, and all the feasters watch him with terrified eyes. This is what we felt the day when the best-beloved, the most brilliant among us, suddenly shivered at an unseen blow, and sank down with a death-groan among the lying gayety and splendor of our banquet."

ITALIAN ARISTOCRACY.

Aristocracy still holds its head most bravely above water in Italy. The other day at a masked ball in Florence, forty Florentine patrician families, who traced their descent back through nobles and dignitaries of state for seven hundred years, were represented. Three of these families had produced five Popes, fourteen of whom had given the Church thirty-four Cardinals, and twenty-five of them more than sixty Archbishops and Bishops. One of the ladies at the ball was attired in the historic costume of her famous ancestor, a ladie of the fifteenth century. There were nine hundred guests present at the ball, and the costume of every guest was literally dazzling with diamonds and pearls. One lady wore jewels which represented the value of one and a half million francs.

THE REASON WHY.

BEING A SCRIBBLER'S APOLOGY.

DEAR POST:—It is with great pleasure that I take my pen in hand to send you these few lines to inform you that I indulge a trembling hope that I've got rid of the ague, and I sincerely trust this will find you enjoying the same great blessing. And if you are rid of ague, I hope you are properly thankful for it besides—for the ague is worse than second cousins.

Some six months ago, more or less, I promised myself the pleasure of appearing in your columns every week. I don't pretend that it would have been any great pleasure to you, mind you. That's neither here nor there. But I couldn't keep my promise—not if I died for it. Patience and perseverance will help a body through many a trying scene in this life, but they're slim dependence in case of ague.

That was it. It was the A-c-c-e!

I've had it now these seven months. I've had six doctors, and I'm alive yet. That's the only comfort left me. I have forty bottles, sixteen empty pill-boxes, and a blanket piece. That's my capital. My faith in human nature has been nearly all shaken out of me. And for seven precious months I have been denied my priceless privilege of *scribbling* folks through the newspapers. Heaven only knows the untold wretchedness I endured from this cause. Well,—

"Here's to the year that's awa'!"

May it stay "awa'," bad luck to it! and may the like of it never be visited upon the head of any human creature except agents and non-explosive lamp inventors. Folks say ague never kills anybody. I don't believe 'em. Nobody need tell me! Having the doubled and twisted chills and fever, as I had 'em, twenty-five hours out of the twenty-four every day, in course of time would kill a buffalo, and I know it. The only earthly reason they didn't worry me out of the world, was because my time hadn't come. I wasn't ready to die yet. I confess I didn't want to. Last fall I read a queer thing, which has been running in my head once in awhile ever since, about a man who was killed in Pittsburg. He met with a terrible accident, an explosion, a collision, or a runaway horse, or something of that sort, and died in a few hours. A little gleam of consciousness visited him before his death, and during this interval he remarked to his friends that he was prepared for death, because he had an insurance of forty thousand dollars on his life, and everything comfortable about him. Maybe it's joking on a grave subject now, but doesn't that strike one as the funniest idea of being prepared for death that ever a body heard of? He well satisfied as he was with himself, you observe, so pleasantly conscious that he had done his whole duty. I hope he found matters to his satisfaction in the next world as completely as he did in this, I'm sure. I hope he didn't meet that disappointment which was the fate of a certain long-haired spiritualist of the name of Jack W., who died hereabouts not long since. Jack W., though a devout "spiritualler," wasn't so clean a man morally as he might have been, not by any manner of means. He had an ancient chum, also a true believer, with whom he had many and many a merry drinking carouse in the flesh. Jack W., died and went to Heaven, promising to send back word immediately. When the anxiously waited for spiritual telegram came from Jack W., he told his sorrowing chum that he found Heaven very much as he had anticipated, but that he, Jack W., *hadn't gone half as high up as he expected.*

N. B.—This is a true story, with a moral to it. I believe in strictly moral tales. And I shouldn't be surprised if the most of us failed to go up as high as we expect.

I beg your pardon. This is a long way from the beginning. And I've forgotten what I meant to say. It's because of that accursed ague. Have the kindness to let me begin again, good friend.

"And when a man is down, you know, what can he do?" says earnest John Bunyan. I'd like to hear somebody answer that question myself. For I've been down, down, down in the bottomless pit of despair all this winter; down on my back and down in the mouth. The only possible thing I could do, in my state of downness, was to turn my lachrymose eyes out of the window upon a dreary waste of dried corn-stalks. It was a jolly prospect. Sometimes a few kindly souls would drop in and talk through their noses, and tell me of folks who had died of congestive chills, and how poor and ugly and old I was getting. That was also exhilirating to the mind. And I noticed this curious fact, that every living soul who came in the house told me of an infallible, dead-shot cure for the ague. I can't remember the hundredth part of these marvelous curatives. In point of fact, I can only call to mind one of them. That was this: Take three raw onions, split 'em in two in the middle, bind 'em on my back for three days, at the end of which time take 'em out and bury 'em, whereupon I would straightway find myself as sound and whole as a this year's hickory nut. I didn't do it.

There was another infliction put upon your unhappy correspondent. Didn't you ever notice, in a country neighborhood, how there are always one or two men, lords of creation, you know, who have a habit of going about visiting? They are invariably the very worst gossips in their rounds. Tea-drinking widows are nothing to them. They descend upon folks' houses periodically, take dinner with folks, and then sit in the chimney-corner and expectorate over the cream-jar, stretch out their legs, and talk mean gossip. That's how they do. When you are at your very busiest, often some blarneying blatherskite, whose wife milks the cows and chops the stove-wood, will tramp into your house and entertain you a whole afternoon with accounts of how this girl is going to be married, how that one wants to be, but isn't, how Smith and Brown had a law-suit about a question of identity of a sheep, and how a certain worthless, puny, scrofulous agent for patent hoe-handles has just gone the way of all the earth, leaving five other puny, scrofulous copies of himself to the cold charities of the wicked world. It is a pity for the children, but it's good enough for the man. A puny, scrofulous vagabond has no business to be repeating his worthlessness. You say that to the boys because you are ill-natured, but the boys never minds it a bit. He just goes on with his shallow talk, until you are sorely tempted to stretch out your hand to the family Bible, and read from the wisdom of Solomon: "Withdraw thy foot from thy neighbor's house, lest he tire of thee." At least that's how I feel about it. Deliver us from the abomination of visiting men, I say! I detest 'em.

So, because I've been suffering horribly all winter with this my ague, therefore I couldn't write to you, oh! faithful old friend Post. It was not the nice, common ague, mind you, but the bad sort, chill, nausea, aching bones, fever, then two at a time, and mostly all four together. What I Know About Ague would make a bigger book than H. G.'s items about Farming. In a word, it's my conviction that, instead of the ten plagues of Egypt, if Moses had mentioned the plague of ague to commence on, Pharaoh would have handed the children of Israel out in a hurry.

Sometimes I had a few days' respite. Then I would sit by the fire and entertain myself with literature. I had two books to read, an old volume of Sermons and Mother Goose. I read Mother Goose awhile, then I read the Sermons. That's how I happened to know that quotation about withdrawing thy foot from thy neighbor's house. On one occasion I went to church. It was an African-American church in revival time. Such goings on as they had there couldn't take place anywhere else outside of Congress, I think. In a storm of unparalleled eloquence did the fervent African-American brother pray, while mighty perspiration ran down his noble brow. Probably you never heard the like of it. It was thus:

"O Lord! come down on dis house! Come right down, fru de shingles, an' if any of 'em's broke, I'll pay for 'em!"

That is also a true story, but I don't know whether it has any moral to it or not. As I was saying, I went once to the African church, but after that the ague tightened its clutches on me more viciously than ever, and I haven't held up my head since until now. Living along half-dead is but a weary life, even when loving, watchful friends take care of you, as they have done of me. "It is hard to be sick, and helpless, and useless," says Miss Sedgwick.

But don't let us turn melancholy. "Adieu."

EIC.

EDUCATION OF WOMEN.

All such knowledge should be given to woman as may enable her to understand, and even to aid, the work of men; and yet it should be given not as knowledge—not as if it were, or could be, for her an object to know; but only to feel and to judge. It is of no moment, as a matter of pride or perfectness in herself, whether she knows many languages or one; but it is of the utmost that she should be able to show kindness to a stranger and to understand the sweetness of a stranger's tongue. It is of no moment to her worth or dignity that she should be acquainted with this science or that; but it is of the highest that she should be trained in habits of accurate thought—that she should understand the meaning, the lovableness of natural laws, and follow at least some one path of scientific attainment as far as the threshold of that bitter valley of humiliation into which only the wisest and bravest of men can descend, owning themselves forever children gathering pebbles on a boundless shore. It is of little consequence how many positions of cities she knows, or how many dates of events, or how many names of celebrated persons; it is not the object of education to turn a woman into a dictionary; but it is deeply necessary that she should be taught to enter with her whole personality into the history that she reads, and, chief of all, to extend the limits of her sympathy with respect to history which is being forever determined, as the moments pass in which she draws her peaceful breath; and to the contemporary calamity, which were it but rightly mourned by her, would recur no more hereafter. She is to be taught somewhat to understand the nothingness of the proportion which that little world in which she lives and loves, bears to the world in which God lives and loves; and solemnly she is to be taught to strive that her thoughts of piety may not be feeble in proportion to the number they embrace, nor her prayer more languid than it is for the relief from pain of her husband or her child, when it is uttered for the multitudes of those who have none to love them.

IN MARCH.

Welcome, sweet Wind! you bring
A soul of Spring
From some far, fragrant rose,
That blows
In some dear, coming May, or half-forgotten Spring.

Welcome, sweet Dream! you bear
Your wings of air
From some far isle of love—
A dove,
Flying with gentle bough from some far, lovelier air.

What though the sweet Wind blows
A vanish'd rose—
My dream the Past, alone,
Has known?—
Bloom from thy heart, sweet dream; climb from my dream, sweet rose!

YONKERS CARPETS.

"E. D. W.," a correspondent of the Philadelphia Bulletin, writes as follows:

In the town of Yonkers, on the Hudson, a carpet manufacturer is making Axminster carpets by the thousand yards, or patterns, or pieces, and sending them by the ship-load to London and Glasgow. A very wealthy gentleman having built him a house in Yonkers that would be called a palace in Europe, crossed the ocean to find suitable furniture for his house. He began with carpets. A firm celebrated for its infallibility in the matter of taste, received a *carte blanche* order for said carpets. On the gentleman's return to Yonkers he became rather impatient at delays, etc., but after a time a vessel came in port bringing the precious freight. The *duties* paid, express to Yonkers paid, bill for for shipping paid, the first cost of the Axminster carpet seemed quite moderate, though it was paid for in *gold*, and *the figures were pretty steep.*

Well, who was worthy to put down the carpet? Could a Yonker be trusted? Application for the best workman, and a request that the proprietor of the Yonkers manufactory would superintend the work in person, was ventured upon and instantly complied with. When the carpets were unrolled before an admiring collection of friends, the happy purchaser observed that the "carpet-man" wore an expression of quiet, but *intense satisfaction!* He inquired the price of the carpet. Rubbed his hands with glee at the reply. When the whole house was radiant with its lovely wreaths, bouquets, scrolls, medallions, and every variety of design wrought in the richest dyes, the "carpet-man" informed the purchaser that "if any accident should ruin any part of the reception-room carpet—the master piece—he should be happy to repair it, as he had made the carpet for the English house, and had another precisely like it to exhibit at the American Institute Fair in New York!" As the *effect* of the *denouement* was beyond words, I will not attempt to describe it.

THE IMPERIAL VIOLET.

Violets have returned to Paris, and are for sale in great quantities on the Boulevards and worn in the buttonhole with as much frequency as the red ribbon of the Legion of Honor. It would be strange indeed if some political significance did not attach to this, as to almost every popular notion in Paris, and one is not slow to repall the fact that the violet was the flower which presaged the fall of the Bourbons after the first Restoration. Napoleon was in Elba, and his friends who remained under the lilies of the white flag assumed the violet as the badge of devotion to the Empire, with the password, "It will re-appear in the spring." The nephew, whose horoscope has been drawn to correspond so nearly with the career of the first Emperor, is at Chiselhurst, with the Empress, whose fanaticism and petulance were not the least of the elements that caused his disaster, and again the Imperial violet is seen upon every third passer on the Boulevards. Although the appearance of violets in the spring-time is by no means phenomenal, yet this profuse blossoming in the streets of Paris is reasonably regarded as an open demonstration of the Imperialists, who use the rallying signal of the last Empire to aid the counspiracies, at which M. Thiers trembles, for the restoration of the exile of Chiselhurst.

☞ In New York recently, a burglar was caught refreshing himself in the bath tub of the house he was robbing.

Child Stealing in New York.

That reminds me of an incident that happened two years ago. A Mrs. H——, in Thirty-fourth street, sent her little lad, ten years old, down to his father's office one evening by the Third Avenue railroad. He was a bright lad and an only son. About midnight the father came home. He had not seen him. Then began the customary search. The telegraphing and hiring of policemen, and the advertising. All without the least success. One, two years passed away, and then a letter came to Mr. H—— purporting to be written by his son, in London, and asking him to send £300, for God's sake, to save him from being sent to Australia. It was the opinion of the police authorities that he was in the city; that in fact he had never been out of it. And so indeed it proved. But what a grave admission this is to make. Does it not suggest to the thoughtful mind a night whose darkness, almost impenetrable to such official eyes as we have, needs exploring for our own safety?

A very dense darkness is that which can cover a child for years from the search of parents and a tolerably intelligent police force, with money and all the machinery of law at its command.

A little girl was stolen a year ago out of a hallway in upper Madison Avenue in the evening. Report was made of the case, and there it ended. I don't think she was recovered. But some time after the disappearance, the mother saw, or declared she saw her daughter from an omnibus window on Broadway, and made a frenzied and useless descent from the stage, and ran headlong in the direction the child had taken. There is something startlingly sad in the idea of a parent firmly convinced that its infant is in the hands of evil-disposed persons in the same city who cannot be reached.

This child-stealing business belongs by tradition to the gypsies, and that reminds me that there are quite a number of them in this country—and those who come here, singularly enough, seem to lose their gregarious habits. This free atmosphere is a wonderful solvent, and it affects the criminal no less than the laboring citizen. What I was going to say about the gypsies relates only to a case of child-stealing that occurred in 1868, on Long Island, near Jamaica. A boy about eight years old was missed one Monday night just as the family were about retiring. A New York photographer—I think it was Kurtz—had been on the grounds that afternoon making pictures of the place, and the children had been playing croquet at the time. He came the next morning and took another picture of the same view. But the boy was not found. They had three city detectives out there, but nothing was done except to invent theories, until one day a young lady, a niece of the family, brought home the finished picture of the ground from Kurtz's. Almost as soon as it arrived, somebody in the house, and I dare say it was one of the children, discovered on the bark of a large tree that occupied the foreground three hieroglyphics that puzzled them. They were gypsy marks. Reference to the tree itself was made, but they were almost obliterated with the weather and summer parasitic growth. Nobody at the time thought much about it. But it occurred to the niece, a day or two afterwards, that she would mention it to one of the officers. The first question he asked her was, if the artist had taken more than one picture, and when she told him he had, and in different ways, that worthy officer instantly replied, "Then we must find that other picture." Neither of them had the slightest suspicion how closely they were treading upon the domain of Wilkie Collins. They went to the photographers, and with some difficulty found the negative of the first picture. There were no marks upon the tree. "Hah!" exclaimed the officer, "we've got the boy." It was obvious the symbols had been made between Monday afternoon and Tuesday morning, and at that time the lad was missed. The clue thus given was successfully worked. The boy was overhauled by a deputy sheriff of Broome county about two months afterward.

I have seen these gypsy marks in the city, and pointed out only last summer a sentence written on the rocks at Central Park.—*N. Y. World.*

BRIDGET AND THE HEATHEN CHINEE.

Didn't he get me into trouble wid my misens, the hathen? You're aware yourself how the boondles comin' in from the grocery often contains more'n I'll go into anything dacently. So, for that matter, I'd now and then take out a cup o' sugar, or flour, or tay, an' wrap it in paper and put it in me bit of a box tucked under the ironin' blanket and there it cuddent be bodderin' any one. Well, what shud it be, but this blessed Sathurday morn the misens was a spakin' pleasant and respec'ful wid me in me kitchen when the grocer boy comes in an' stands fornenst her wid his boondles, and she motions like to Fing Wing, (which I never would call by that name nor any other but just hathen,) she motions to him, she does, for to take the boondles an' empty out the sugar an' what not where they belongs. If you'll believe me Ann Ryan, what did the blatherin' Chinceser do but take out a cup o' sugar an' a handful o' tay, an' a bit o' chase right afore the missus, wrap them into bits o' paper, an' I spacheless wid shurprize, an' he the next minute up wid the ironin' blankit and pullin' out me box wid a show o' bein' sly to put them in. Ooh, the Lord fargive me, but I clutched it, and the misens sayin', "Oh, Kitty!" in a way that 'ud curdle your blood. "He's a hathen nager," says I. "I've found you out," says she. "I'll arrist him," says I. "It's you ought to be arristed," says she. "You won't," says I. "I will," says she—and so it went till she give me so much sass as I cuddent take from me lady—an' I give her warnin' an' left that instant, an' she a-pointin' to the door.—*Scribner's Monthly.*

Interesting to Persons Contemplating Suicide.

A Frenchman, writing to the *Gaulois*, gives an account of his sensations while hanging himself, which may be of benefit to persons of a suicidal turn of mind, and who would like to "know what the thing is like." As if preparing to hang up his coat, he drove a nail into the wall, and therefrom suspended himself by a looped cord, which he fastened about his neck, and then slowly kicked away his chair. From the crown of his head to the soles of his feet he felt a "general mixing up of the fluids of the body. This was succeeded by a flashing, dancing light before his eyes, and then concentrated at a single focus, and thence rippled into space in concentric circles. His head seemed compressed in an iron ring; needles without number seemed to dart from the ends of his fingers and toes; then there was a terrible snapping at the nape of his neck, and a serpent seemed to wriggle down his spine. His last sensation was one of pain at the throat and shoulder blades. He had expected to wake up and find himself dead; but, kind—or unkind—friends cut him down.

An old subscriber in Michigan writes, under date of March 30, 1872: Twenty-five years ago to-day I sent for the Post, and have read every number, for we have not lost one paper. Your old friend,

J. H. M.

☞ It has been well understood for some time past that the money market has been "tight." Where are the state constables?

LONG AGO.

Though by the sand a lovely Heaven swells,
Through years of woes,
The Paradise with angels in its gates,
Is Long Ago!

The heart's last Healer! Ah, father wingeth over
In shining skies,
Vanishing faces that may vanish never
In Long Ago!

To toil through deserts unable to reach to-morrow,
With fainting skies,
Pour pantings dye [illegible] glasses ye borrow
In Long Ago.

The world is dark: backward our thoughts are yearning,
Our eyes o'erflow;
Sweet memories, angels to our tears returning,
Leave Long Ago.

We climb; child-angels to our knees are climbing,
From valleys low;
To call us back, dear birds and brooks are rhyming,
In Long Ago.

Hands clasp'd, tears shed, and songs are sung!—the fair,
Beloved ones, lo!
Shine yonder, through the angel-gates of air,
In Long Ago!

PERSONAL.

OUR next royal guest will be Frederick Charles of Germany.

NILSSON is stated to have made $400,000 from her two years' sojourn in the United States.

THE Chicago *Post* remarks that the reason Nilsson has invested her money in America is because she loves the country, and the rates of interest are much higher here than in Europe.

THREE Princesses are now performing as public singers in Russia.

JOE JEFFERSON'S receipts last year were equal to all the salaries of the clergymen in New York put together.

HON. GEORGE BANCROFT, our Minister to Germany, is honorary member of over thirty learned societies in various parts of Europe.

THE mortal remains of Aaron Burr lie in the graveyard at Princeton, N. J., where, a few years ago, a monument of marble was erected by stealth and at night, by whom it is unknown, but other unknown persons have mutilated the shaft.

NILSSON made her first appearance in opera in Washington, on the night of March 27, as Mignon, before an overflowing house.

WHY is Mrs. Woodhull like one of Bret Harte's heroes? Because she's Tennie C's partner.

A. T. STEWART and his family have moved out of their marble palace on Fifth avenue, a servant girl having broken out with the small pox. She and her nurses have the whole grand establishment to themselves.

OLE BULL is giving concerts at the West, assisted by Miss Orme and Mr. Candidus, vocalists, and Mr. Richter pianist.

LADY BURDETT-COUT'S fortune is reckoned at about ten million pounds sterling.

THIERS was a printer's devil in 1825. He is still bothering the editors.

GOUNOD says he has composed most of his operas after midnight, and that he has hardly ever written a line of music in the daytime.

PATTI-ROSA recently found in a hair-cloth factory, a young Irish girl named Dillon, whose voice is said to be magnificent. She has placed her under the best possible tuition; and expresses fond hopes as to her future. If our prima donna has a big body she has a bigger heart.

VASSAR COLLEGE is soon to publish a quarterly magazine, the control of which is to be in the hands of the Students' Association.

CHARLES KINGSLEY, "the novelist of the muscular Christian," is in his fifty-third year, a man of great vigor and industry.

VERDI is said to be a puzzling character, abrupt and repulsive to mere acquaintances, and proverbially shy and sensitive.

THE young Prince Imperial is a busy youth. he rises at six in the morning, and at seven commences study with a young friend and his tutor, continuing it until ten o'clock. After his breakfast, which is nearly an hour earlier than that of the family, the Prince, accompanied by his teacher, leaves the house for the University College, in London, where he regularly follows a course of instruction every day till three o'clock. Returning at four, he mounts on horseback or joins his mother in a walk. After dinner he bids his parents good-night, about ten o'clock—always kissing their hands—and retires to his room. From time to time the Prince visits the monuments, museums, and the military and industrial establishments of London and its vicinity.

ADULTERATION OF LARD.

A writer in the Pharmaceutical Journal says that he lately obtained a quantity of lard from a respectable pork dealer. It was beautifully white; indeed, he had never seen an article that looked better. His first trial of it was in preparing ointment of nitrate of mercury. The color, when the mercurial solution was added, was the reverse of citrine, indeed, decidedly saturnine, developing in a short time to a full slate color. Surprised at this unprecedented result, the usual precautions having been taken as to temperature, etc., the lard was suspected, and on examination was found to contain a large proportion of lime. Some time after, being in conversation with a lard renderer, a hint was dropped as to the relation of lime to color, when the information was confidentially imparted that a common practice among lard dealers was to mix from two to five per cent. of milk of lime with the melted lard. A saponaceous compound is formed, which is not only pearly white, but will allow the stirring in, during cooling, of twenty-five per cent. of water. So much for appearance.

Different Materials Used in Making a Piano.

A writer has taken the trouble to give the actual material used in constructing a pianoforte. In every instrument there are fifteen kinds of wood—viz., pine, maple, spruce, cherry, walnut, whitewood, apple, beechwood and birch, all of which are indigenous; and mahogany, ebony, holly, cedar, beech and rosewood, from Honduras, Ceylon, England, South America and Germany. In this combination elasticity, strength, pliability, toughness, resonance, lightness, durability and beauty are individual qualities, and the general result is voice. There are also used of the metals, iron, steel, brass, white metal, gun metal and lead. There are in the same instrument of seven and a half octaves, when completed, two hundred and fourteen strings, making a total length of seven hundred and eighty-seven feet of steel wire, and five hundred feet of white (covering wire.) Such a piano will weigh from nine hundred to one thousand pounds, and will last with constant use (not abuse), fifteen or twenty years.

☞ The most popular man in Vienna just now is a Turkish magnate called Kalliposhe. Very few will attempt, we should imagine, to contest his supremacy over the feminine heart which he asserts with Montecristan relics. Recently, at a fete which cost forty thousand dollars, numbers of cold pheasants were served at supper. Servants picked out the birds' eyes and laid them on dishes' neighbors—they were emeralds.

I WOULDN'T, WOULD YOU?

I wouldn't give much for the girl who would look,
As proud as an Ornithorhynchus is!
Who turns down the corner to publish her book,
Whose name stood with eyes all askew—
I wouldn't give much for this girl—
Would you?

I wouldn't give much for the girl who would try
To cut herself clever in love,
With the heart-throb she'll of ourselves somebody say
"That's a nice little vessel, I tell you!"
I wouldn't give much for this girl—
Would you?

And the girls who ought to wear shoes number two,
Yet endure themselves with a two!
And then with the Boston leap, onward they go,
With the grace of a kangaroo—
I wouldn't give much for this girl—
Would you?

I wouldn't give much for the girl who would cut
Such capers at most of their do!
Who tries to overleap all the proofs that their heap
Is the natural fruit of a fool—
I wouldn't give much for all such—
Would you?

MARK JARRETT'S DAISY.

THE WILD FLOWER OF HAZELBROOK.

BY PIERCE EGAN,

AUTHOR OF "THE FLOWER OF THE FLOCK," "VIOLET; OR, THE WONDER OF KIRKWOOD CHASE," &c.

CHAPTER XIV.

WIL ROCKET'S DOUBLE.

Mark Jarrett's Daisy gone to London!

To that vast metropolis where, in the provincial belief, innocence—especially country innocence—is pounced upon the moment it is descried, and destroyed utterly.

Gone away from the Grange without leaving behind a clue—a track, a trace!

"Gone away—not known where!" as stated postmaster at times endorses, not in the most polished orthography, on returned accounts for the information of dissatisfied creditors.

"Stole away!" in the language of the hunting-field, leaving not a sign by which the covert might be discovered.

Mortified, disconcerted, irritated, and depressed, Wil sent his horse back to the stables, perfectly at a loss what "first step" to take. He, however, despatched Tib, with a rather boisterous promptitude, to the Devil's Hollow—its neighborhood—anywhere that it was likely a crumb of news could be furnished affording some explanation of the sudden disposal of Mark Jarrett's stud, or give an inkling to what part of London he had taken his departure.

Tib went on his errand with alacrity, and returned without it—and with very little else.

He had gathered that no reasons were offered for the abrupt sale of the stud, but that the horses fetched marvellous prices. Almost all the principal members of the Chute Hunt had attended it, and great struggles were made for the horses which "the Daisy" had been known to ride with such fearless excellence. The squire had gone for two or three, and there had been some awful "plunging" for others, especially one celebrated fencer, which, after a most exciting competition, had been knocked down to the Earl of Marston for a "thou"—that being the sporting diminutive for ten hundred pounds.

At this piece of information, Wil, who believed it to be the horse on which Daisy had saved the life of his mother, uttered a sharp, loud cry of rage and agony. He would have parted with his fortune to secure that horse; he would have almost done anything rather than it should be owned by any man but himself.

So bitter, so wild, so fierce was this cry, that little Tib nearly flung a somersault backwards, he was so startled by it. He thought, at least, that Wilfred had seen the body of his invalid father falling from a window above, but he drew breath when he perceived that he merely pressed his hands over his eyes, paced the room, and muttered—

"If I had but known of this—at any cost, Silvershade should have been mine!"

"Phaugh!" Tib blew from his lips, as he brought back his eyes to their normal size; "haven't 'ad such a sweatin' since I wasted to ride the White Rose filly feather-weight," he thought.

He drew another long breath, as if he had just finished a mile in five minutes, and then communicated a scrap of comfort to his master.

"Silvershade warn't put up for sale, sir," he said, with a forced smile. "There was lots o' inquiries a'ter it, but it wer'n't to be 'ad—it went away. It went away when nobody was looking, along with Mark Jarrett's Daisy—leastways, the crowd went together, it's supposed—but nobody ask'dly knows nothink—absolutely nothink."

"I will go to London without a moment's delay," thought Wilfred, impetuously. "It is my duty—a duty which the commonest sense of gratitude, the most trivial feeling of thankfulness commands—that I should express to that brave girl the very high appreciation my mother and myself have of the great service she rendered, and which must ever remain a debt it is impossible to repay. Daisy, indeed, did intimate that our obligations were mutual; but, no, I should despise myself if I were ever to think so, sweet darling—beautiful little Daisy—never—never! I will go to London. It is not too large to find the treasure I shall seek within it, if it were ten times as large. I will go to London to-morrow morning—or to night. Why not within an hour? I will go in an hour!"

He hurried—ran to his dressing-chamber, and commenced to make active preparations.

Of course, he thought he had but to determine to go to London to find himself in London at a given time; but we cannot always accomplish what we propose, and we are sometimes prevented carrying out our intentions by obstacles which spring up in quarters the least expected.

This happened to Wil.

Mrs. Rokeby had entered abruptly, but promptly, her husband's sick chamber, when he lay in almost mortal extremity, and continued at her post, indifferent to all fatigue and trial, until he was pronounced out of danger. Then she vanished from it as suddenly, but not without leaving a trained nurse in her place.

For some days she kept her chamber, without admitting any one but her confidential attendant to her presence. Even Gabrielle was denied access to her. The first person she received was Wil, and then she only caught him in her arms, locked him tightly in her embrace, wept passionately on his shoulder for a minute, and dismissed him without permitting him a word, or uttering one herself.

Now, he decided to send her a nice little note, couched in indefinite terms, in which he would apprise her of his intention to proceed to London. He said:—

"Circumstances over which I have no control take me there, and may detain me a day or two—perhaps a week. I hardly believe it will be longer, and I leave the Priors to-day."

His messenger, to his amazement, brought him back an answer, just as all his preparations for departure were completed. It ran as follows:—

"Wilfy, my love, those circumstances must be controlled by you. You will remain at Fairholme Priors until I can release you. My happiness and your reclouded future being upon your—at the very least—obedience to my behest. Besides, I learn that your Cousin Bertie Rokeby has just arrived at the Priors. Of course, your father is unable to receive him. I suspect—you must. Bertie and you were playmates and school-fellows in the Dovedale days. You were attached to each other; I know it can scarcely, therefore, be an ungracious task for you to welcome and entertain your cousin and old friend—to do the honors of Fairholme to him. Yet if it should be—still you must. By-by, Wil, my pet—my boy."

Talk of gun-cotton blowing off the roof of a house, that was nothing to the explosive powder of this "missive," which shattered the house that Wil built" to fragments. He sank into a seat aghast when he had perused it.

He pressed his hands to his temples, he covered his eyes with them, he all but wrenched locks from his luxuriant hair.

"What can it all mean?" he cried, stamping his feet on the ground distractedly. "Am I dreaming? Is this to-day or a hundred years ago? What can be the solution of the mystery in which everything beneath this roof is plunged?"

In wild, impotence, fruitful excitement, he paced the room, making motions worse by reckling his brain for some clue to the perplexing state of affairs at home.

"What does she mean?" he ejaculated in a loud voice, as if addressing some person in the room above him. "What does she mean by her 'happiness and my undoubted future?' I want to know that!"

"Do not ask me, that's a good fellow," responded a voice in the doorway. "If you have a spark of mercy in your composition, do not propound that proposition to me. Why it is the very infernal problem I have been making my brain ache with for—oh, centuries!"

Wil swung round as if he had been a top sharply unwound by a string, and beheld a stranger standing on the threshold.

He was a young man about Wil's age, very like him in face and form, and even dress, but that was an accident, which the human resemblance was not. There was a similitude, too, in voice; but there was a mirthful, mischievous twinkle in his eye not to be found in Wil's; and there was a frequent curling of his lip, as if he was very much more accustomed to put a smiling than a grave face on mundane affairs.

For a moment Wil regarded him in wonder and in silence. Then the passage in his mother's note recurred to him, and advancing quickly, he held out his hand, and cried, with earnest warmth—

"Bertie?"

"Wil!" was the equally earnest response, and Wil felt his hand gripped with a warmth which assured him their old friendship had not been surrendered by his Cousin Bertie.

"I am so very glad to see you," exclaimed Wil, with unfeigned sincerity, as he scrutinized his cousin's appearance with almost critical eye; "very glad, indeed."

"That feeling is mutual," returned Bertie, also closely examining his cousin's features and build. "But the desire to see, I think, has belonged exclusively to myself; because I might, I believe, have wasted my sweetness on the desert air of the Peak until I became an old, old man—a patriarch—to whom Peter the Hermit would be a mere chicken, if I had waited until your desire to see me had brought you my way; and you see here I am."

"I do not plead guilty to the charge," answered Wil, laughing. "Yet I confess it looks black against me; but, you know, Bertie, it is at least five years since we parted, and I have been—"

"Five years, three months, one week, four days, nine hours," interpolated Bertie, drawing out his watch and looking at it.

"Pshaw," observed Wil, laughing again, "I am not a female cousin, that you should be so particular. I am not Belle—you remember Gabrielle."

"I do—I shall never forget Gabrielle Lattrell if I give Methuselah a hundred years, and beat him into fits in the matter of venerability," returned Bertie, thoughtfully and quietly. "Still I scarcely think I should be able to say whether it be three or nine, five or eight, four or seven years, since I had the distinguished honor to be seen by the fair Gabrielle. You are not, however, the most favored on that account. Why, I could tell you the time to the decimal of a second I have been parted from—"

He paused abruptly, looked down at his right foot, and struck his boot with a thin cane he carried.

"From whom, Bertie?" demanded Wil, with an eager curiosity.

Bertie looked up into his face with a very peculiar expression.

"I should be inconceivably grateful if you could tell me," he answered, with a sigh. "My *parti* from whom I parted—no she parted from me—hey presto!—vanished!—is a mystery. You uttered some words very londly as I entered about 'her happiness and your undoubted future.' I am deeply interested in that proposition, but I cannot at present make anything of it, except that I have been mortally blessed with several sights of a sweet young—apparition."

"A ghost, Bertie?" demanded Wil, derisively.

"A ghost, if you will. Yet, if she be, then am I a ghost-seeker and spectre-follower for the remainder of my term," he answered, with another, but more profound sigh.

Wil laughed loudly, though he regarded his cousin with amazement, as he exclaimed,

"Why, what has come to you? What, you rollicking, boisterous old Bert? Bah! you are somebody else."

Bertie gave a slightly perceptible start, and a crimson flush covered his features as these words reached his ear, and he replied, quickly and deprecatingly—

"Do not look upon me as a distraught gander quacking for his lost goose, although, upon my honor, I feel but too considerably like one—definitely like one. Yet, Wil, my dear old boy, do not believe that I have suddenly grown fatuous, because I hold forth in this strain the very moment I meet you after an absence of five years—three—"

"And the rest?" interposed Wil.

"And the rest," proceeded Bertie, with a smile. "The fact is, that when you are bitten, smitten, overborne with a face that cannot be equalled in those golden fields which virtuous Mahomedans arrive at after an exciting passage over a very long suspension bridge formed of a single thread, you are apt to think more of that face than you do of anything else."

"Female face?" questioned Wil, quickly.

"Female face of the purest, divinest, angelic type," responded Bertie, enthusiastically. "But, then, you have no interest in that sort of thing."

"Have I not?" ejaculated Wil, emphatically.

"No—certainly and unquestionably not," retorted Bertie. "You never had one face shut out all others from your eyes, your mind, your senses."

Wil smiled spasmodically.

"As if I could," he ejaculated, covering for an instant his eyes with his hands, and seeing the delicious face of Mark Jarrett's Daisy in a mental vision.

"Therefore, we will change the subject, and talk of drawing the badger, rat-hunts, and such lively topics," pursued Bertie, giving himself a shake, as if he would throw off the feeling of sentimentality which had taken possession of him.

The theme was, however, far too congenial to Wil's frame of mind for him to pursue anything of the kind. He, therefore, insisted that Bertie should go on.

"My dear old chum," he cried, with sparkling eyes, "you have no idea how gratefully welcome to me your unbounded and prompt recording of the present delicate subject has made your coming. I shrank from receiving you as my heart urged me, because I remembered your lighthearted ness, your horror of speculation, and your caustic remarks on those who 'sigh like a furnace' for that exquisite half of themselves for which they are hungering; but now I can open my arms to you, and say, 'Come to my heart, O brother of my soul!'"

"What? No! Eh! Why, you, Wil!" exclaimed Bertie, ambiguously, but with extreme significance.

"Do not think of me, Bertie, but of your apparition," interposed Wil, impatiently. "I am burning to hear about her. We can do any amount of talk about fusty old rat-dogs, otters, herons, hunting, rowing, shooting, fishing, when we have nothing better to talk about. But your phantom sylph? Where did you first see her? Where does she haunt? Make a clean breast to me, and perhaps I— But go on, there's a good fellow!"

"On the promise that, as I confess to you, so will you to me," bargained Bertie.

"Agreed!" rejoined Wil, readily.

"It is now five years, three—"

"Say six years, in round numbers," interposed Wil, impatiently.

Bertie's eyes twinkled.

"A time agreed upon between ourselves since you and I used to wander over the romantic lands in which you and I were born. But the banks of the Dove was the place of all others we most delighted to patronize. There, with terriers, or the more wily ferret, we would storm the cellular retreats of that rodent quadruped, the rat."

"Hang the rats!" interrupted Wil, irately.

"What the do—"

"I have done with the rats," responded Bertie, with a mischievous glitter in his eye—for he saw how earnest Wil really was in his curiosity, and he drew his own conclusions therefrom. "I will make a leap," he proceeded, "to the point—the day, the hour, the moment at which I was stricken dumb by a vision which for the time changed me into a powerless statue—"

"Taken as read," interpolated Wil, quickly. "Go on from the moment you were a statue. What did you see?"

"Wait a moment. I did not tell you where I was," objected Bertie.

"Yes, you did," replied Wil, promptly. "You were a powerless statue."

"Yes, but I did not describe where my pedestal was situated," rejoined Bertie, with equal quickness.

"Dash the pedestal!" cried Wil, impetuously. "Who cares where the infernal pedestal was situated!"

"I beg your pardon," retorted Bertie, with affected gravity; "I do—you do, for is it not nigh unto Dovedale Manors?"

"No!" ejaculated Wil, a strange idea flashing through his mind.

"But I say yes! You remember Bunsterdale?" proceeded Bertie, hastily.

"Ask me if I have ever seen the Thorp Cloud!" responded Wil, with a sudden increase in the palpitation of his heart.

"You know, when you turn into the southern extremity of Dovedale," continued Bertie, "there is—"

"A rocky chasm!"

"Where the Dove forces its way—"

"Among rocks and boulders of all sizes and shapes—"

"And deep enough in parts to bathe in."

"I know every inch of it," cried Wil, animatedly. "Why, I was—"

He paused. He remembered that his mission of a few days previously was a secret one.

"Was what?" demanded Bertie, as he preserved silence.

"Often—very often there," he returned, evasively.

"Well, there, seated once on a rock, at other times flitting in and about the rocks, I have seen a little divinity, whose sweetness of face, purity of form, lightness of step, and gracefulness of motion, completely entranced me."

Wil was astounded. He was referring to the counterpart of Mark Jarrett's Daisy. He must be. There could not be two answering to Bertie's description in that neighborhood. Certainly Mark Jarrett's Daisy's counterpart did.

A feeling of jealousy stole up into Wil's mind, and he looked sharply at his cousin. He was extremely handsome and well-formed—disagreeably so, offensively so now.

He knitted his brows and glared at him.

"Did you speak to her?" he demanded.

"Once or twice," he replied, dreamily; "but I got no answer. I could never get near enough to touch her, or I would have extorted one word—one pretty little word—from those tiny, heavenly lips. Heigho! Once I thought she would have spoken, for her eyes seemed to pity my languishment."

"She did see you, then?" interrogated Wil, almost indignantly.

"Of course she saw me," replied Bertie, seriously; "and when she perceived my anguish—"

"Languish—anguish! Why! Wil! Languishing! Why do you languish? You will tell me why, and for whom, will you not, Wil, dear?"

This was said in a low, soft, gushing voice, and a light, small, white hand was laid gently on Bertie's shoulder.

He started, turned hastily, and found Gabrielle Lattrell by his side.

He instantly looked as if he had been suddenly introduced to a pack of ice in the Arctic Ocean, but he bent very low.

"Miss Lattrell, I am sure," he said, in a reserved tone. "Permit me to hope that I see you in perfect health."

She uttered a little scream—certainly an unusual thing for her—yet, of late, she had become a little more excitable, as if there really were a volcano beneath her peak of ice, and it struggled to develop itself.

She looked from Bertie to Wil, and back to Wil again, and seemed to be, in her aristocratic way, dazed.

"Dear me, how remarkable," she presently observed, as if her breath had left her. "I see two Wils; how odd, how very singular. What can it mean?"

She turned to Wil, and said—

"You are Cousin Wil, of course—that it would be impossible for me to be mistaken in; but"—she faced round to Bertie—"you—you—so like Wil—so very, very like Willy—yet not Willy—who can you be?"

"You do not remember me," he returned, stiffly.

"Not at all," she answered, wonderingly, with her eyebrows elevated, and her eyes expanded, as if taxing her brain. "How should I? It's as if I were looking at Wil here, and from him at Wil in a mirror."

"Absurd," ejaculated Wil, pettishly, as if she were guilty of puerility. "There is a resemblance between us, but in not so startling a degree as you would make us believe, Belle. Why, this is Bert Rokeby—Cousin Bertie—you cannot have forgotten him, I am sure."

A curious lurid flash seemed to dart from her eyes to nowhere in particular, but it was evident that the name had sent an electric spark through her brain. Instantly, however, her features became as composed as if she were sitting for her photograph, and was desirous to look seraphic. She held out both her hands to him—

"Welcome, Cousin Bertie," she exclaimed, with an icy tone of condescension. "I am delighted to see you, for poor Willy's sake. He lacks a companion sadly; and if you still retain your boisterous flow of spirits and love of—of—an unrestrained freedom of manners—I mean when kept in proper check—for you must have become more sensible—or, at least, more discreet than you were when I remember you, your presence will be quite desirable. Wil has had much to depress him recently, and daily needs enlivening."

"I shall endeavor to prove myself a patient of greatest capabilities," returned Bertie, with affected deference. "I will do what I can to raise his spirits, and to provoke a healthy condition of cheerfulness, at the same time keeping my own buoyant exuberance well in hand; for, believe me, Cousin Gabrielle, I shall esteem it a mortal calamity if I should be so exceedingly unfortunate as to incur your disapprobation."

Wil turned away to another's length.

Gabrielle looked penetratingly at Bertie, as if to ascertain how much sincerity there was in his observation, and she satisfied herself that it was nearer thereon than anything else.

"He shall not stay here," she thought. "He is in the way, unless—Mark Jarrett's Daisy! He is the man for her. He shall carry the creature off—destroy her. I will alert my intentions respecting him, in one particular, at least. He must grow fond, and make himself a fool over me; then I shall hold him with iron fetters."

All this flashed like lightning through her mind, as she turned her eyes upon him with so totally different an expression in them as to make him feel as if his hair intended suddenly to grow straight up like reeds, and the roots were disturbed accordingly.

She smiled, too, as if a warm sunbeam had suddenly gilded her face of frost, and said—

"How very good of you, Bertie, to take what I said in such a kindly spirit. I detect your banter, and it does not annoy me, because I can see you intend to rouse up poor Willy, and put some new life into him. Let me look at you again."

She turned him about towards the light, taking both his hands in hers, and looking him in the face, with an expression on her own which, under other circumstances, would have overpowered him with inward blus—as it was, like Pharaoh, he hardened his heart, but he gave her her own expression back again.

"Wonderful!" she exclaimed, in her sweetest tones, "truly wonderful! How immensely you have altered; but a few days back, it seems, and you were a noisy, boisterous, wild, penniless boy, and now—well, Bertie, you can see what an elegant fellow Wil is, and you see yourself, your freshness of color giving you a small advantage."

She slightly pressed his head as she uttered the last sentence.

He felt a vibration up to his shoulder, as of an acute pang of rheumatism, but he neither swerved nor moved a muscle.

"You can comprehend my surprise," she added.

"And any amazement at the change in your opinion of me," returned Bertie, in the same jubilant tone. "Nevertheless, I will endeavor to do my spiriting gently, and to bear my blushing honors with befitting meekness."

Gabrielle looked at him beneath her long fair eyelashes askant. She did not quite like his tone. Then she turned to Wil, and without betraying the least emotion, as if communicating a piece of intelligence of not the slightest moment to him, she said—

"Wil, your mamma has decided to give up the hunting field—at least, so long as the mood is on her—and has given instructions for her stud to be sold at once without reserve."

"Given orders for her stud to be sold!" echoed Wil, perfectly electrified by the intelligence.

"Hush, Willy, pet!" she suddenly and hastily interposed. "I see Mrs. Rokeby coming. She will tell you herself, I do not doubt."

Bertie, in his turn, eyed her furtively.

"Serpent still," he thought. "I will watch your proceedings, and will see whether I cannot keep them in check as well as my own boisterous, unrestrained freedom of manners."

He had not time to think more, for Mrs. Rokeby, pale, but calm and dignified, evidently keeping down with a strong hand turbulent inward emotions, entered the room.

CHAPTER XV.

TITUS VINK MAKES HIMSELF MASTER OF DEAN'S SECRET.

Titus Vink followed Dean—the faithful Dean, the trusted, confidential Dean—into his "snuggery"—a room into which he admitted those only out of whom he expected and intended to get something, and who were not likely to reveal the secrets entrusted to them there.

Titus followed him with a little run, as children do their elders, who take too long strides, and with his elbows pinned to his sides, his hands squeezing each other in a congratulatory kind of way, his head moving from side to side, he turned his pace-colored eyes swiftly in every direction in search of anything out of which some capital could be made. He looked like a black, half-starved terrier, trotting at his master's heels, still ready, and eager to snap up a bone, however, dirty it might be, wherever he might see it.

Once in the room, there was not an article there of which he did not take stock, valuing each, and determining in his own mind whether it had been come by rightfully or not, selecting a few he would like to possess and should try to get—honestly, if he could—but should try to get.

He grinned at them, then at Dean, and then at the coveted articles wolfishly, then again at Dean's face, which he perused as a Hebrew purchaser of left-offs would a garment he was exceedingly anxious to know accurately what he could make out of it.

"There's little or nothink in it," thought Titus, speculatively; "no money in it!—there's no money in it! 'Tisn't worth wasting much time over. His drink won't pay me; but it's nice. I can spare a hour, and I gets it for nix."

With these pleasing thoughts, Titus seated himself on the edge of a chair, and awaited the drink.

Also the betrayal of the motive for the treat.

"I think you said port?" remarked Dean, in an undertone.

"Yes," whispered Titus, hissingly; "old port—I don't mind how venerable it is, for if I have a complaint, it's the collict."

"Cholic," corrected Dean, exhibiting one tusk in his gum.

"Yes, collict," replied Titus, liberally displaying his fangs. "Old port is good for it; but sometimes even that fails. Then nothink but strong and hot whisky—strong hot whisky, with two or three slices of lemming—will touch it. I've known it take three stiff tumblers to do it. Ah, and precious stiff, too, Mr. Dean, esquire."

Mr. Dean, esquire, winked both his eyes.

"I'll care your 'collict' for you," he said, with a stifled laugh.

He disappeared to fetch the port, and he had no sooner vanished than Titus sprang to his feet, and began to examine everything within reach, to open every drawer, and ferret out its contents. He lighted on a packet in a secret drawer in a large mahogany desk, marked "*J. D.*, and opened it. It contained tea-spoons, table-spoons, forks, and dessert knives, all of solid silver, bearing the Rokeby crest, and the initials "*A. H. R.*"

As his eye raced over them, he muttered:

"The prig has stolen 'em; but he shan't have 'em. What a rascal!"

He restored up the parcel again, and rammed it into a deep pocket inside his coat.

In another parcel he found two or three bracelets, some brooches, four or five jewelled rings, and a locket studded with gems, on which was engraved the inscription, "*A. R. to R. V.*" All the trinkets were very valuable, and were evidently the property of Mr. and Mrs. Rokeby, and perhaps Miss Lattrell.

This paper had written outside it—

"*Senior Dean, 16, Little Pulteney-street, Soho, London.*"

He shrugged his shoulders, turned up his eyes to the sky, and sighed deeply. Then he put the packet into his pocket with the previous parcel.

In another drawer in the same desk he found a smaller parcel, labelled—

"*J. D., 16, L. P. St., London. To be taken great care of, as a very good thing may come of it.*"

Titus opened this parcel with wonderful celerity, and found within it an antique cross, studded with diamonds and rubies. There was a quantity of words engraved on it, but he had not time to read them. There were also some folded papers, rather discolored by time, half a gold ring, half a gold coin, a small lock of hair, a faded blue ribbon, and two or three silver ornaments blackened with age.

Titus screwed up the parcel swiftly, swung round like lightning, and tossed the door as if certain some one—Dean—was there, catching him in the act; but there was no one. He moved to the door with the excitement of a chased rat, but no one was in sight.

He listened, holding his breath. Not a sound greeted his active ear. Then, with the swiftness of the roe, and with a lighter step, he returned to the desk, and grabbing the parcel, thrust it into his pocket.

"There's money in it," he muttered, excitedly, between his spiky teeth, as he thrust it down into the depths of his pocket, beneath the other trifles collected and stored there. "There's money in them things; they are better than strawberry marks, or any other such marks on the arm, or back, or other parts of the figure. These can be swore to, and 'identified' marks can't always be showed. There's a lot o' money in that little pile."

He quickly and dexterously restored the other articles he had disturbed to their normal condition, and then resumed his seat on the edge of the chair, and the position in which he sat when Dean left the room.

He looked at the open doorway, wrinkled up his nose as to show his teeth, turned the pupils of his pace eyes upwards, and snuffled, in a tone of keen affliction—

"What a cruel prig this Dean must be—what a unredeemable pilferer—also, 'sociate thief—likewise, mean disshguard. Here's a example of abused confidence for you! I pities old Rokeby—sinful as he is, I pities him. What a wicked world this is! It wouldn't be worth livin' in if there wasn't money in it. Why, if I chose to be a low, fighting— Here comes Dean, the smash," he interrupted himself by saying, hastily; "but I'm ready for the bankables."

He twisted his dingy fingers and thumbs over each other, flattened his nose, elevated his nose in the air, displayed the streaky yellow only of his eyeballs, and in a harsh, rasping voice, chanted, to a dirge-like tune—

"I'm sinful born; but while I live
The service (with I'll go
And One doth know how best I strive
To keep from down below."

"Ho-o-o-o-o-oh," whispered Dean, with a frown, as he hastily entered the room, and closed the door after him. "Don't make that disgusting row here. Why, your voice is like a bad coffee-mill, struggling with some very tough berries."

"You don't like music, my brother in sin," snuffled Titus Vink, drawing a long face, turning one eye up into his forehead, and letting the other fall upon a dusty old bottle, which Dean was uncorking with scrupulous care.

"I don't like your grunting," he returned. "But if I did, I couldn't have any of it now, for I don't want any one to know that you are closeted with me. "There," he added, as he poured into a tumbler part of the contents of the bottle, "there's as fine a glass of old port as you can taste."

He handed it to Vink, who took it, and disposed of it as if it had been poor ale. Yet he smacked his lips as he handed back his tumbler to be replenished, and he said, with a grin—

"That ought to be good for the collict. I think another draught or two will disperse this rumblin' pain which is afflictin' me. Much more o' the same sort?"

Dean shook his head gravely.

"Not much of that vintage left," he answered.

Titus looked up to the ceiling.

"Would Mr. Rokeby, Esquire, give you another bottle of it if you were to ask 'im?" he interrogated, with apparent simplicity.

Dean looked at him astounded.

"Pish!" he answered scornfully. "I have got the lot. I do not let *him* have it. The very choice, scarce lots I took care of before the new butler came. I prepared his inventory of wines for him. Do you see?"

Titus Vink saw, and comprehended, and laughed inwardly at the "humor of it," but he preserved a sanctimonious visage.

"My friend," he said, in a whining voice, "don't you think it was a device of lieting, to grab your mortal soul, when he put that clever—"

"Look ye, Mr. Vink," interrupted Dean, resentfully, "if you wish to taste that '21 vintage again, you will keep all that sort of talk to yourself. Drink, and let us chat pleasantly and confidingly, I've another bottle of the same old unsurpassed for you when that is gone, if you choose to make yourself agreeable and communicative, and I've got some particular Irish whisky of great age for your 'collict;' perhaps a little to put in your pocket when you go away as well as in your inside, if you do the right thing by me."

"I does the right thing by every one, my dear sir," responded Titus, through his nose.

"I'm sinful born, but while—"

"Will you stop that growl?" interrupted Dean, angrily; "drink man, and let me fill up your tumbler."

"You must drink with me, drop for drop, or I don't touch it," replied Titus, looking up at Dean from beneath his bushy brows.

"You see I do," responded Dean, tossing off the remains of his tumbler, and replenishing it.

"And shall," thought Titus, looking up at the ceiling with an expression as if the cholic, after tearing and twisting his vitals, had left him feeble and spiritless. "If you can see, speak, walk, or crawl when I say good-by, I'll return you them articles I've taken under my care."

Dean poured more wine into both tumblers after both had drunk from them, began to talk of affairs at Fairholme Priors, pretended to be very confidential in his revelations of the proceedings of the family, and intimated that he could tell a great deal if it were made worth his while.

"I'm so poor" snuffled Titus, closing his eyes; "I'm a blade o' grass at the mussy o' the mower; I'm a stork o' oats blown about by every blast; but if you've anything to tell me in secret—which I'd keep it as snug as my 'art's blood—wuth my knowin'—why what I could do—it's very small—I would. You don't drink as I do."

"There!" cried Dean, tossing off all the wine in his tumbler.

He refilled it, and poured more into that of Titus, who betrayed no modest reluctance to accept it, although he drank more cautiously than Dean.

"I do know a great deal worth your while to know," said the dishonest rascal. "I know why the governor has kept himself to himself for so many years. I know a good deal about my lady which she wouldn't like the master nor any one else in the world to know, and I know something about my young lady but, which would give her a fit of hysterics if I were to preach about it."

Titus took up the second bottle of wine, which Dean had just opened, and replenished the steward's glass.

"You ain't a drinkin' fair. I takes two to your one," he said, pretending to drink again. Then he chided, as he sat down, with artfully affected simplicity, "You means Miss Gay-bree-hall Lattrell?"

"I mean her," returned Dean, with a significant nod of the head.

"A elsheweer states of purrity an' white," appended Titus, staring fixedly at Dean.

Dean laughed resentfully.

"We are all angels of purity until we are found out," he said, contemptuously.

"I begs your pardon," objected Titus, with a whine. "I'm sinful born—"

Dean placed his head before his mouth.

"Between you and me," he said, with a cunning leer, "we can drop coal, and show ourselves to each other as we are. Now, if I tell you secrets, you must tell me secrets, and go on until we are quits. What did the governor want with you in his smuggery to-day?"

Titus Vink submitted to him a very extensive view of his teeth.

"What have you got to preach about Miss Gay-bree-hall Lattrell?" he demanded.

"If I spin, you will spin, eh?" exclaimed Dean, confidentially.

Titus placed his grimy hand on his waistcoat buttons.

Dean declined his plan, then glanced round the room, rose from his seat, and placed his ear to the door, and listened attentively.

Titus, with a stealth but noiseless agility, filled the steward's glass to the brim, and when he returned he was rolling his thumbs over each other.

Dean looked at him for an instant, and resuming himself, said, in an irritated tone—

"Don't twiddle your cursed thumbs. It takes me—they are so dirty."

Titus instantly concealed them under his arms.

"Do you know Colonel Waldron?" questioned Dean, after a moment's thought.

"Yo-es," returned Titus, hesitatingly, "a little—scent him once or twice."

"That's an evasion. You know him well enough. You've done some dirty work for him, I know. Now, I want no lies, so don't interrupt me. I know a great deal, but not quite enough yet for my game."

"Lor!" ejaculated Titus, with a look of wonder.

"Well, Colonel Waldron has found out a secret about Miss Gabrielle, to which there is hanging an enormous amount of wealth," pursued Dean, half musingly.

"A secret, with money in it," thought Titus, with avidity. "I'm in it! It must be mine! Yo-es, dear, kind friend," he said, fondlingly.

"And she has sent him in secret to the storeroom," he continued, lowering his voice. "I happened to be there in confidential talk with one who knows more about her than she will tell of present, and, I think, a good deal too much about the colonel."

"Who might that be?" asked Titus, as if he had no particular object in knowing.

"A woman named Joyce Stoke," replied Dean, quaffing his wine.

"You don't say so!" muttered Titus, in his throat, and staring hard at Dean's pink cheeks and bright eyes.

"You don't know her, of course? What a vixen she is! When we saw the colonel with Miss Gabrielle in his arms, in a faint, I had the hardest work to hold her in; but I did, and foolish, for Miss Gabrielle came to suddenly, and burst out crying wildly, and bolted like a lapwing. The colonel cut it, too, or Joyce would have pinned him like a terrier would a bull."

"A—a—why? Mr. Dean, excellent an' superior steward—why?" asked Titus meekly.

"Because there's something between them, which gives her a power over the colonel," answered Dean, beginning suddenly to articulate with much difficulty. "She said she could hang him—ha! ha!—and she—could bring—a beauty to be Queen of—of Fa-roons Pri-ors—his."

"Do try a little more wine," suggested Titus. "I've drunked all mine several times over to your once."

He offered him a replenished tumbler.

"She—said—she said—but min', I don' qui' bleev'—this," pursued Dean, swallowing half the contents of the tumbler. "That—Miss Gabrielle—is—a—not—what she—sheems——"

"Ladies—so—seldom am," interpolated Titus with a weary smile.

"And that she could take her from this place at a wor' an' pitch her—pitch her—pitch her—I can't remem'er the 'ternal place—Miss Gabrielle neverth'less is a rich wom'n, very wealthy wom'n—but Mr. Rokeby won't par' with her, won't let her go—but'll mak' her marry 'son Willy."

"Why?" inquired Titus, playfully. "Tell me why? You will tell me why, won't you? Take a little sip more. You're a ten-bottle man—you're not afraid of it, I'm sure."

"Not of a butt," returned Dean, becoming rapidly drunk. "I can look it in—a—face like a man, and never cry a go—ne'r."

He struck the table sharply with his fist.

"You didn't say why, Mr. Rokeby, esquire, noble and respectable gentleman, will make his son marry Miss Gay-bree-hall," persisted Titus, coaxingly.

"For secret reasons," returned Dean, nodding his head significantly. "Joyce Stoke, the tigress, knows 'em. I'll know 'em too. Let's see. What did I do with her 'dress? She's moved from old spot—can only be found this place—I'm only one in secret. Ha! ha! I know how to coax her on. What did I do with her 'dress?"

He fumbled over some papers loose in his pocket, and presently took from them a folded paper, opened it, and read some writing upon it. He smiled, refolded it, took out a pocket-book, into which he put it, and returned it to his breast pocket.

"That's mine, an' mine only! Don't part with that for thousan' pouns'," he cried. "It's worth it. That devil's a gold-mine of secrets!"

Titus on this became actively bad with the cholic. Dean prescribed whiskey-and-water, hot, which was brewed, and Titus at every risk drank some, but would make Dean help him with the greater part.

Then, when Dean insisted upon being entrusted with a revelation of his secret business with Mr. Rokeby, Titus commenced a roundabout mysterious tale, utterly confusing to Dean's muddled intellect, proceeded to declare that Mr. Rokeby had become converted, and was about to build a tabernacle for him, Titus, in which he was to expound truths, smite sinners, prick up the indifferent, arouse the dormant, and lead the more enthusiastic sheep of the flock to the fold of glory.

By this time Dean, who had the secret vice of drinking, but who rarely indulged copiously, unless when alone at night prior to retiring to rest, had become speechlessly intoxicated. He had commenced with the intention of making Titus inebriated, and believing that he could drink him tipsy while he remained himself perfectly sober, quaffed by far too freely at the outset, with a view of leading Titus on; but Titus was a seasoned hardened old soaker, had tanned his diaphragm with ardent spirits, and when Dean, after two hours' filthy toping, became insensible, he was quite clear-headed, and had all his wits about him.

With an affectation of tenderness, he laid them on the floor, and placed a carpet-bag under his head.

"Poor, misguided child o' sin!" he muttered. "It would be an cruel to leave you to dine in your drink! It would be more cruellest to leave you with that pocket-book, for any thievin', petty-larceny scoundrels to filch from you. No; I'll take it into my custody, an'"—he looked about him—"anything else that may be useful, and won't be missed just smartlessly."

He stooped down over the prostrate, drunken steward, and with a light hand and remarkable dexterity, which had all the appearance of great practice, he inserted his hand in the inner pocket of his coat, and brought forth the pocket-book, which he deposited instantly with his other treasures.

Then he rose up, and selecting a few articles, of which he knew when, where, and how immediately to make money, he stole stealthily from the room, and closed the door after him.

Avoiding the corridors, descending by the servants' staircase, where he could, he contrived to quit Fairbairne Prison by the domestics' entrance, without exciting notice.

As soon as he had returned to his little shop, within a few doors of his corrugated iron chapel, he busied himself in his back parlor, where he disgorged, and stowed away in an old, oaken, iron-bound chest the "profits" he had made that morning.

Except the address of Joyce Stoke, and that he kept for immediate use.

On reading it, he found that it was at a cottage in the Devil's Hollow, close to Mark Jarrett's Grange.

"Thoughtful gal," he said, with a peculiar smile. "Pitched her tent in the Sluff o' Despon' for good and sufficient reasons. Shoots me. I don't want to be seen to go a flourishin' there—an' I mus' go at once. She won't be frantically delirious with joy to see me, and may say spiteful, harsh, an' unjust things of a numble follower of the parish o' Grace; but there is much trouble to put in all our pea, an' I can bear mine."

Time knew the nearest and most secret paths to follow to the direction he had so fraudulently obtained, and he found himself in the gloom of the Devil's Hollow very quickly.

He looked about to discover a track likely to take him to the cottage of which he was in search, when he suddenly felt a cold—bitterly cold—hand glide between his neck and his drab-white neckcloth, and clutch the latter with unmistakable tightness.

At the same moment, a rich, musical voice, unpleasantly savage in its tone, snarled, as it were, in his ear—

"Dog, at last I have you!"

If the unexpected stranger had been the hangman pouncing upon him, to convey him at full speed to the gallows, he could not have felt more earnestly disposed to slink into his boots, and conceal himself in the toes of one of them, than he did at that instant.

He turned his head to the unbidden intruder as well as he could, and from the utmost corners of his eyelids he saw that he was in the grip of a tall, gipsy-like young woman, with a strikingly handsome face and brilliantly glittering black eyes.

There was a terrible expression on her well-formed features, and he readily interpreted its meaning.

He wriggled, and twisted, and writhed, yet not violently, but as if he was being tickled, and it gave him the spasms. He grinned like a panther at an armed hunter, while he mumbled, with painfully affected playfulness—

"What, Joyse!—what, Joysy Stoke!—what, my pooty Joysy Puys, Stoke! Law!—whoo'd ha' thought o' seein' you? Oh, my! Well, now, it *is* a treat to see our 'anaum Joysy!"

And though he felt her cold fingers pressing into his throat like rigid icicles, he added to himself—quite to himself—

"For there's money in it; there's money in it."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The Influence of Marriage upon Health.

M. Bertillon lately having had to draw up a paper for the Academy of Medicine of Paris on the influence of marriage on mortality, consulted the registers of the only three countries in Europe which were carefully enough kept to give him a reply to his question, those of France, Belgium, and Holland, and shows that if the male sex be first considered, we find that from 25 to 30 of 1,000 married men furnish 6 deaths; 1,000 unmarried, 10 deaths; and 1,000 widowers, 22 deaths. From 30 to 35, of 1,000 married men, 7 die; of 1,000 unmarried men, 11½ die; and of 1,000 widowers, 19 die. From 35 to 40, of 1,000 married men, 7½ die; of 1,000 bachelors, 13 die; and of 1,000 widowers, 47½ die; and so on at all the following ages, the married man continues to live with greater facility than the bachelor. It has been said that since the most fortunate men can afford to marry, it is not astonishing that these persons should live longer. But this will not, of course, account for the very great mortality of widowers at all ages, which, indeed, surpasses that even of bachelors.

However, it must be noticed that 8,000 young men marry in France yearly, under the age of 20. This is very fatal to such young men, for M. Bertillon finds that, whilst 1,000 young men from 15 to 20 furnish 7 deaths, when unmarried, no less than fifty deaths occur among 1,000 young married men under 20. Hence *premature* marriage is the surest way to old age.

Women seem to reap less advantage from marriage than men, and there is but little difference in the mortality of unmarried and married women before the age of 25. It is but little marked even between 25 and 30. From 30 to 35, out of 1,000 spinsters, 11 die; and of 1,000 wives, 9 die. This difference augments up till 55 years of age. Thus, from 50 to 55 years of age, 1,000 wives have 15 to 16 deaths a year, whilst 1,000 spinsters or widows have 26 to 27 deaths. This advantage rests very marked beyond this age, although it diminishes a little; but before 25 years of age in France, and before 20 in Paris, marriage, far from being favorable to the life of women, is injurious to it. The mortality of maidens from 15 to 20 is 7.53 per 1,000; of wives of the same age, is 11.36 per 1,000; and the mortality of married women from 20 to 25 being 9.32 per 1,000, the mortality of maids of the same age is 8.22.

With respect to widowhood, from 25 to 30; widowhood is injurious to health; and whilst 1,000 wives and maids of this age furnish 9 deaths a year, 1,000 widows have 17 deaths.

But in France, and especially at Paris, this mortality quickly diminishes, and at 45, the death-rate of widows is lower than that of spinsters at the same age. And at this age women who have had children are least shielded by death. "Thus marriage in woman retards old age, and soothes its sufferings."

The conclusion of these statistics is that marriage is an element of health much more powerful than has been supposed, that it exercises its salutary influence especially on the male in the age of vigor, and on the female in her declining years. A calculation of probabilities shows that the man who marries between 20 and 25 has 40 years to live in place of 35, and that the young woman who marries between 20 and 25 has 40 in place of 36. Celibacy, suicide, and insanity are the least common among the married than the single.

☞ The Miller said—The best half inch of a penny cigar.

NAFOOSA.

A STORY OF GRAND CAIRO.

It had been a glowing, scorching day. The desert was a vast, glistening expanse of pitiless, searing light, and the sky above it—intensely blue, and without the faintest cloud to diversify its infinite monotony—had contemplated us, tired, shrivelled, dust-blinded mortals, as we had toiled painfully, yet with heroic endurance, through our duties of night seeing.

We had spent the afternoon visiting the dilapidated but still beautiful "Tombs of the Caliphs," standing quiet now in solemn isolation a mile or two from the city, and surrounded on every side by yellow sand—fitting resting-places, in their deep repose, for the great dead who lie there.

Their calm sleep is seldom disturbed now. Tourists, to be sure, like ourselves, come now and then from the bleak North to stare and giddily chatter within the sacred precincts. But tourists have not as yet become the plague of those regions, and their visits are comparatively few and far between. They come and go quickly, for there is not much to tempt them to loiter, and their voices grow fainter and fainter, and their footprints are swiftly effaced from the ever-shifting sand, and all is silent as before. The swarthy Bedouin stalks majestically past next, with his dark, fierce face turned towards the West. He is returning from a hurried visit to the hated city, to his roofless home in the desert; but he will not loiter within reach of even the faintest sounds of civilized life, and his grand, swift, yet never hurried step, quickly passes by, and he is soon lost in the burning expanse. Then, perhaps, comes a dark string of heavily-laden camels, or a veiled woman, with a pitcher on her head, and a dusky, naked imp on her shoulder, or a troop of laborers, or a file of donkeys. But they all, like ourselves, have come merely to go again, and, gliding by noiselessly, the dead are once more left to themselves.

The sun has set now in a tremulous, golden glory, and the short southern twilight has already deepened into night. The yellow sands and silent tombs are behind us—pale, ghostly shadows; and before us is the strange, fantastic city, through whose narrow streets our donkeys, and we upon them, are threading our way, under the guidance of our donkey-boy, Ali Achmet. Everybody who has ever been in Cairo is intimately acquainted with the tribe donkey-boy, the irrepressible, impudent, yet fascinating youth, who, chattering a dozen languages in a breath, bewilders the inexperienced traveller into the belief that he is a genius, and knows them all. Foolish supposition, indeed. Six words of each is, on an average the extent of his knowledge. But with these six words, his bright, laughing eyes, his gleaming teeth, his never tired legs and his inexhaustible stock of good-will, fun, and impudence, he is the donkey-boy *par excellence* of all the world, and has won your heart in five minutes.

This, however, is a digression, for Ali, our friend, was not, strictly speaking, a donkey-boy, though he called himself one, but rather a master donkey-boy! owner of several beasts and several boys. Ali was, in short, a man of substance, who was doing well in the world. His age, according to his own account, was about twenty; but he looked, as all Easterns do, at least ten years older. His figure was tall and slender, yet strongly made and his dark camel hair cloak hung upon it in fine artistic folds. His small, well-shaped feet were shod in bright yellow slippers, and a spotlessly white turban was wound in soft thick coils round his head. His face—it was a face such as one never forgets, and which, even in this land of dark-eyed, passionate-visaged men, had a character and distinction of its own. A deep olive skin, a long, flat nose, a thin, broad mouth, which sailed now and then rather sweetly and sadly, and show, lazy, oval eyes, lighting up occasionally with a sort of fierce eagerness, almost, I might say, cruelty, which took one's breath away, and somehow seemed to make one's blood creep in one's veins.

Ali and I were fast friends. From the first, he had taken my donkey and myself under his special protection, and his place was invariably by my side. From the first, too, he had been communicative, confidential even, and had readily enough let me into the mysteries of his domestic interior. One day I had chanced to ask him if he had a wife, or two, or, perhaps, even three, I had added, with an involuntary lowering of my voice, and with a wholesale gulping down of the repugnance I felt at making the odious suggestion. His answer relieved me immensely. Ali had but one wife, and Nafoosa was her name.

"And do you love her very much?" I inquired eagerly, and with a keen sense of delight at the promising condition of Ali's morals and manners.

"Love her? Yes!" And the oval eyes flamed up suddenly. "I give her diamants and pearls, and beautiful dresses—the best in the bazaar. My wife pretty—very pretty. Love her? Yes, I do!" he concluded emphatically.

This was delightful. But the very next instant my feelings received a cruel shock.

"And how long have you been married? Have you any children?" I asked imprudently.

"Children? Yes. One boy, dead—of other wife, you know; not this one," he replied, carelessly, and urging my donkey on to a quicker pace.

"Other wife!" I replied aghast. "But, Ali, you told me—"

"She bad—very bad. Put her away—sent her home to her father. She ugly, very ugly—hate her!" my friend proceeded in an off-hand way.

This was unpleasant, and it took me a few minutes to recover myself. Presently, however, I had, with a facility which astonished myself, faced the position, and I was curiously inquiring into all the particulars. Not very many could I gather. The subject seemed to be of very slight interest to Ali. As far as the difficulties of language would allow me to discover, he had first married a wife of eleven, he being himself fourteen years old. She had had a temper, and probably a tongue. It was the old story of mother-in-law versus daughter-in-law, except that in this land of lightly-combined matrimonial engagements, the mother-in-law had had carried the day in the end, instead of the wife. The refractory Fatimah had, probably by mutual consent, returned to her father's house, after the death of her child, and in due time Nafoosa had become her successor. Nafoosa! It was a sweet-sounding name, and somehow took my fancy strangely. I caught myself repeating it over and over again with a lingering tenderness, observing which, Ali suddenly looked up at me with flashing eyes. Would I come to his house to see her? he inquired. Nafoosa would be glad; his mother would be glad; everybody would be glad; the coffee would be ready—"real, Arab coffee—not the stuff they give at hotel," with an expressive grimace; but good coffee, such as Arab drinks. Would I come?

Of course I said that I would come, some day, soon, but— And I looked back with a smile at the gentlemen of our party. Might they come too? Were they to be allowed to see the lovely Nafoosa?

Ali smiled too, but rather darkly. I had only made the proposal for a little jest, but my friend seemed to consider it a serious sort of jest, and without ceremony gave it a flat denial. He soon had himself might look on his wife's face. Her father? Yes, that did not count. And her brothers, of course. Yes. But a stranger, a Frank, a Christian! By the soul of the Prophet's mother, a thousand times, No!

And so it came to pass that to-day, on our way back from the Caliphs' Tombs, Ali reminded me of my promise. Its fulfilment had been, from one cause or another, from day to day delayed, but now my friend seemed resolved to take no excuse, and though I was tired and hungry, and anxious to be at home, I did not know how to refuse his eager invitation, and after a short hesitation, said "yes" to it at last. The next minute I half regretted my complaisancy. Daylight had almost gone now, and the Mouski—the Regent street of Cairo—was brilliantly lit, and filled with a screaming, motley throng. But Ali and I had left the Mouski, and my companions (who were returning to the hotel), and had turned sharply into a narrow passage, which led us, after a minute or two, into a dark, quiet quarter. The change was sudden and startling. I was alone with an Arab, whom a week ago I had never seen, and I was in the midst of a huge Eastern city, and it was late, almost night. In short, to be perfectly candid, I suddenly felt a little frightened, and rather suspicious and distrustful of my friend Ali, in whose complete power I had rashly placed myself. We had both become very silent. My silly alarms paralyzed my tongue, and while Ali was probably indulging in a pleasant dream of the home to which he was bringing me, I am ashamed to say that my brain was busy conjuring up all sorts of imaginary horrors.

It was very foolish of me, no doubt. Yet, for my self-defence, the circumstances were, to say the least of them, slightly peculiar. On he went, through narrow lanes and winding passages, in which my feet came into continued contact with the walls. So narrow were they, that the sky above was often but a slender streak of dark, liquid blue, in which a stray star was calmly shining; so narrow, that often too, the delicately-carved, latticed, Arabian night balconies, jutting out on either side, hid the sky and the stars altogether, and made the passage beneath completely dark. Once, I remember, we came to a sort of little "Place," crossing which I breathed more freely. Here, too, were the tall, dark houses, and the mysterious balconies, and strange, dusky shadows were lying about. A white-veiled woman was gliding across it in a ghostly fashion. But above, in the deep, distant sky, there was a moon, and such a moon! So serenely, beautifully bright, and shining down upon the little Place with such a glorious tranquil light, that it quieted my nerves all at once, and made me feel myself again. Our wanderings were moreover nearly concluded now, and presently Ali and the donkey came to a stand-still.

"This is my home," he announced laconically, taking me in his arms, the Eastern fashion of dismounting one, and placing me upon my feet in front of a very low archway, behind which pitch darkness, and nothing else, was visible. But something was audible—sounds which frightened me more reasonably than the imaginary terrors of a few minutes ago—the loud barking of a crew of the inevitable, hateful, ugly curs, which are the veritable plague of all Eastern cities, and my especial aversion and terror.

It required all Ali's persuasive powers to reassure me, and to induce me to follow him into the sombre regions whence the barks, or rather yells, proceeded; but at last, to make a long story short, I plunked up my courage, and, keeping close at his heels, I soon found that I had safely crossed a sort of court-yard, and that I was climbing up the very steep and rickety staircase which led to his "home." What a strange, dark place it was! How mysterious and still seemed the dim, lofty rooms, across which the lantern, which Ali had lit a few moments ago, threw all sorts of odd, shimmering glances. In the half light, it seemed to be quite a palatial abode. We passed through at least two lofty, good-sized apartments before reaching the one in which Ali, with the gesture of a king, and with a courteous dignity which made me blush for my recent ridiculous fit of suspicion and distrust, pointed to the divan and requested me to be seated. It was easy to see that my friend was lord and master of his kingdom, and his coming seemed all at once to rouse it out of the sort of magic slumber in which it had been plunged. Doors opened and shut again. The shuffling of pattens made itself heard. There was a general waking up, and presently his womankind began to appear—slaves, servants relations, children—what not? In these Eastern households it is as well not to inquire too closely into particulars, nor to attempt to fathom the mysterious depths of a Moslem's harem. Soon a faint ray of light began to dawn upon me. At all events, whatever or whoever they were, they were not all Ali's. My friend was one of several brothers who kept house together, and the consequence was this numerous female congregation, over which his mother reigned as queen. A hideous, disagreeable old queen she was too. I disliked her from the very first, and looking at her wrinkled, malignant, hard face, I fancied that I could fully sympathize with the wrongs and woes of the luckless Fatimah.

"But Nafoosa!" I inquired presently, when I had done my best to acknowledge the numerous salaams and greetings which I received from all sides, and I had become somewhat accustomed to the eager gaping and staring to which I was of course subjected. "Surely Nafoosa is not one of these?" There were one or two tolerably pretty faces among them. But not even the *kohl* which darkened their eyes, nor the paint which colored their cheeks, nor the gleaming whiteness of their teeth—which I believe was genuine—gave them the remotest claims to beauty. As to the rest, they were unmitigatedly ugly and awkward in their tasteless, clumsy clothes, and with their grinning, vacant smiles. "Surely Nafoosa could not be one of these?" Ali, seated by my side on the divan—all the women, not even excepting his mother, standing in various ungraceful attitudes before us—smiled a quiet, superior sort of smile at my question. "No, certainly. Nafoosa was not one of these. She had been sleeping probably, and was now dressing herself. She would come in a minute."

She was coming even then; had indeed come—noiselessly, like an apparition—and was standing, white and still, in the midst of that chattering, grinning, untaking group of women. It was as if a pure white lily had suddenly sprung up in the midst of a gaudy, vulgar flower-bed. Perhaps Nafoosa, roused abruptly from her slumbers, (Eastern women sleep, from want of anything else to do, at all times and hours,) had not had time to deck herself, and had therefore, at the suggestion of her lord, hastily concealed deficiencies by wrapping herself up in the white linen garment, called *ezar*, which in the female out-of-doors *toilette* is the Rest. At all events, from whatever cause, she were it now. The effect of the contrast was delightful. The *ezar* was not put on after the usual hideous and ungainly fashion which converts its wearer into a shapeless, wadding bundle, but was carelessly thrown over the shoulders, leaving the head and neck uncovered, and if the girl had studied her appearance for a week, she could not in the end have selected a more becoming or clothing costume. How beautiful she was! with those lustrous, wistful eyes, and that soft, sadness subduing skin, and that profusion of rich, dark hair; and when she smiled, as she was now smiling at me, a shy, surprised smile, so unlike the bold, gaping smiles of the other women, I felt my heart jump into my mouth, and thought that in all my life I had never seen anything half so pretty.

And so I unhesitatingly informed her husband, who received my compliments with true Eastern phlegm; yet I could see well enough that he was pleased and delighted, for with an air of condescension, he rose from the divan and went over to his young wife, and patted her hair, and, I suppose, repeated my words; for the girl blushed a little, and laughed a little, and presently, at my urgent request, Ali induced her to seat herself beside me, and to make friends—no very easy undertaking, considering my limited stock of Arabic.

However, we got along famously. Nafoosa seemed to like me, and she was quick and intelligent, and she managed to understand most of what I tried to say to her. Before long I remembered Ali's boast of the dinner-mode and pearls, and for the sake of conversation, I alluded to it. The other women were bedizened with trinkets, but Nafoosa was unadorned, save for a little bunch of sweet-smelling violets which peeped shyly out from the folds of her white drapery. I repeated my inquiry the moment it was made, for Ali's face suddenly darkened, and he spoke to her roughly,

"Why was she not properly dressed?" he asked; "and where were her ear-rings, and her brooches, and her rings?"

And then he appealed to his mother; and so far as I could gather, Nafoosa got a good scolding from both of them, for the untimely simplicity of her costume. It was in vain that I did my best to repair my mistake, and declared that I liked Nafoosa best as she was, without ornament; and that jewels could add nothing to her beauty. All in vain. The poor girl was carried off like a child in disgrace by her mother-in-law, who chattered vehemently all the while, and Ali, resuming his seat, and calmly sipping a cup of the delicious coffee with which I had already been regaled, informed me that he had sent her to dress herself.

"She has got lazy of late," he said; "and she does not care about dressing and making herself beautiful. But she must, I tell her; and she must do it," he concluded with one of his emphatic looks.

Silently, because I felt a sudden aversion to the tyrant, and did not care to pursue the conversation, I awaited her return. Not for long. Presently she came back, tricked out with the famous ear-rings—tolerably good diamonds—and with a brooch awkwardly stuck in her hair, and another fastening her dress, and with a chain around her neck, and a few cheap rings on her fingers. All the other women burst into loud mockery and gayety, and clapped their hands, as the old hag, with a triumphant air, led the girl back to us adorned, shrinking and captive. But I did not laugh; nor would I give more than a passing glance at the jewels, to which Ali proudly called my attention, exhibiting his wife as he might have exhibited a favorite horse or dog. For my part I could only look at Nafoosa's face and into her deep pathetic eyes, and marvel and puzzle over the great wild sadness which I suddenly saw there.

And so Ali Achmet introduced me to his young wife, and initiated me into the mysteries of his harem; and then, all at once, dropping the grand courtesy of a host, and relapsing into the obliging obsequious Ali of my acquaintance, brought me safely home, in good time for dinner. Heaven knows that I was glad enough to get back to the pleasant, well-lit, gay hotel, away from Nafoosa's dim, quiet home, and Nafoosa's piteous haunting eyes. They haunted me all that night and the next day, and the next night too—haunted me so vividly, and to such a purpose, that before many days had passed, I awoke one morning with an irresistible longing at my heart to see the girl once more. No reason why I should not. Ali, when I told him of my wish, looked the least possible shade surprised, it is true, but professed himself delighted and honored; and so I paid another visit to his "home," and not one only, but several. I grew fond of Nafoosa, and she liked me. She interested me strangely, winding herself in some mysterious fashion round and round my heart—drawing me to her as to a magnet—and when one day she suddenly told me, what indeed I had guessed from the very first, that she was miserably, wretchedly unhappy, so unhappy that she longed to die, I took her in my arms and kissed her, as though she were my sister. Perhaps it was this that won her heart. Poor girl! I would have done anything I could for her. But what could I do, save listen, and make frantic efforts to progress in Arabic, so as to be able to listen to some purpose, and to speak to the unfortunate girl a few words of the warning and advice which she so badly needed?

"But, Nafoosa, it is wrong, dreadfully wrong, for a married woman to love any man but her husband," I said to her, when she had told me all about Hassan's dark, sweet eyes, and his gentleness, and his bravery, and his goodness, and how they had loved one another from childhood, and how they would continue to love one another so long as life lasted. But the girl only shook her head and smiled drearily at my meek little sermon.

"Of course it was wrong," she said, "she knew that, and she was a lost, wicked woman, and," here she shuddered and grew pale, "Ali would kill her if he knew it." And I very soon discovered that a slavish terror of her husband's jealousy and vengeance was poor Nafoosa's standard of right and wrong.

"But how did you come to marry Ali," I inquired, "if you loved Hassan all the time?"

She laughed at my simplicity and ignorance. After the barbarous fashion of these countries, she, a girl of fifteen, had been made a wife without being asked or consulted, or even having ever seen her husband's face.

"But Ali is fond of you and good to you, is he not?" I inquired softly, when I had thought a little over her sad story.

Her face darkened, and there came another piteous outburst. Her husband's love was that of a tyrant for his slave. He was proud of her beauty, because it belonged to him. It was his pleasure, as it is the pleasure and custom of all Arabs, to invest his money as quickly as it was gained, in jewels and trinkets, with which to deck her. He caressed and petted her, much as a tiger might caress and pet a trembling white rabbit, which happened to be his plaything for the moment, and she—she loathed and shrank from this hated affection, and lived in abject, slavish submission to his authority.

It was a terrible business. Soon she had told me all, the little all there was to tell. It was but a slender, pitiful little romance, and its incidents were tiny ones, such as would seem very flat and insignificant to the free-born, strong-minded heroines of romance at home. But insignificant as they were, they were everything to Nafoosa—all-important, all-engrossing. A furtive glance, a hasty pressure of the hand, a loving word whispered into her ear, the gift of a flower now and then—this was the weak food upon which her guilty love so passionately lived; these were the great, stirring events of her life. Once a week Nafoosa went to the bath; now and then on a shopping expedition to the bazaars, and always with her face closely veiled, and under the watchful protection of her mother-in-law. Then, and these only, were the lovers' opportunities.

"Then Hassan never comes here?" I inquired.

"Here!" Nafoosa laughed at my ignorance, or rather, incredulity in what I had often heard, of the spies with which a Moslem guards his harem. "No man ever does," she said. "It would cost him his life." And with blanched lips close to my ear, for the silent women were constantly passing to and fro, and privacy was totally unattainable in this crowded establishment, she related to me how, a month or two ago, some tattle had aroused her mother-in-law's suspicions, which had been at once imparted to her son, and how Ali had come to her, and had sworn a terrible oath, that if ever he discovered her to be guilty of a fault, the vengeance he would take would be sure and terrible. "For myself I would not care much," she said, recklessly. "The pain would be short and quickly over. But for Hassan, my Hassan!" and she shuddered and clasped her hands with a despairing gesture.

"Your Hassan!" I repeated, reproachfully. And then I asked for what had been the beginning of this unfortunate love, and how it had come to pass that, strictly guarded as Moslem women are, she had yet managed to know and to love a man.

With eyes softly lit with happy memories, Nafoosa told me of her childhood, when her mother and Hassan's had been close friends, and their children had played together. If the old people had but lived, all would have been well, she said, for, even in those days, she and Hassan had been called husband and wife, and plans had been made that in due season they should marry. But, after a while, both Nafoosa's parents died, and Ali's father, who was a distant relation, had become her guardian.

The law gave him a right to marry her, but he, being an old man, had transferred this right to his son, who, inflamed by the accounts he heard of her wonderful beauty, had refused to relinquish his claims. "If Hassan had been rich, and had been able to offer a good price for me," Nafoosa concluded, a little scornfully, "Ali would probably have given me to him, for he loves money; but Hassan is poor, and could give little but his love."

That was all. Poor, poor child! I had not it in me to chide her—hardly even to think her sinful and guilty, now that I knew all.

And had she no confidants, no counselor? I inquired, with wondering pity. No safe friend with whom to share her dreadful secret?

Then, for the first time, Nafoosa burst into tears. Before, all had been excitement and smouldering passion, and resentment and rebellion; but now, I had unwittingly touched another and a softer chord, and had awakened the memory of a gentler and more heart-piercing grief. She had had a sister, a twin-sister, who had known all. While she lived, life was endurable, for they loved one another passionately. But, three months ago, she and her baby had died, and Nafoosa was alone.

"And can none of these other women help you?" I asked presently, when her pitiful sobs had somewhat subsided, and her tears were flowing more gently.

The girl shook her head wearily and sadly. Yet some of them looked good-natured and kindly, and the sight of Nafoosa's tears seemed to distress and concern them.

"They would talk," she whispered, with a frightened glance. And, observing their vacant, silly faces, and the ceaseless, giddy chatter which they kept up, I could not feel surprised at her reserve and caution.

Just then Ali's mother appeared, and I rose to depart. The old dame liked neither me nor my visits, and I could very well see that she looked with distrust upon my friendship for her daughter-in-law. But I did not care a rush for her disfavor, feeling perfectly sure that, so long as Ali found it profitable to remain in our service, not one of his household would venture to show the English *Sitt* the smallest sign of discourtesy. And so, though upon that occasion the old lady's coming was the signal for my departure, I often returned again, generally seizing the opportunities when I knew that Ali's engagements with one or another of our party secured his absence from home.

One day, a little while after this, I chanced to meet Nafoosa in the bazaar. My companions and myself were spending an idle hour in poking about and making purchases, and I, wearied of one of the inevitable and interminable bargaining-wranglings, which are an indispensable part of the business of buying and selling in these countries, had wandered a little apart, into a quiet, dim place, where a few cross-legged, gray-bearded merchants held stately watch over their stalls.

At the further end two women were engaged in a loud altercation over a pair of slippers with a picturesque and venerable gentleman, whose superb appearance would have led one to suppose him quite superior to the weakness of wishing to drive a good bargain. At least, one of the women was fighting valiantly for the slippers; the other was standing by listlessly, apparently a mere spectator of the dispute. To my amazement, she all at once rushed to meet me, and seized my hand. It was Nafoosa, but Nafoosa enveloped from head to foot in her white *ezar*; and with such a thick, impenetrable *yashmak*, that she was quite unrecognizable. Her mother-in-law, who was her companion, was as closely veiled as herself. The charms of sixteen and sixty required, it seemed, the same protection. While the old lady was wrangling over her slippers, Nafoosa and I enjoyed a quiet little chat. Only for a few minutes, however. Suddenly I felt the girl's hand, which I held in mine, tremble, and she plucked it away brusquely. "It is he—Hassan!" she whispered, in a choked voice, and with a quick, sudden movement she changed her position, so as to place my figure between her own and that of her mother-in-law, whose attention was still, luckily, absorbed by the obstinacy of the slipper merchant. I looked round. A fine, handsome young man, in chocolate-colored petticoat-trousers, and an embroidered jacket, was slowly, and with an air of studied unconcern, approaching us. When he was quite close to Nafoosa, after a cautious glance towards her mother-in-law, he paused. I saw their hands meet in a convulsive clasp. I saw more—that which, if the eyes of any of the cross-legged, solemn sons of the Prophet had seen from their stalls, would probably have then and there exposed Nafoosa to the direst consequences. I saw her, quick as lightning, raise her hand and draw aside her veil for an instant, showing him her white, beautiful face, and smiling upon him the saddest and sweetest smile that ever made a man's heart beat.

Lucky Hassan! It was all very wrong and dreadful, and I, a mere spectator, felt, somehow, horribly guilty myself; but all the same, I could not, for the life of me, help liking the young man on the spot. He looked so much in earnest, and so grateful, and—rare sign of emotion in an Eastern—he actually colored violently; and he really was extremely handsome, and his refined, thoughtful face betrayed no symptom of conceit or vanity, but only deep, passionate, eager affection. It was all over in a minute; indeed, so quickly over, that none but a close observer could have detected the lovers' little pantomime; and then the young man, having given me a courteous salutation, passed on his way, and had in another instant disappeared.

"Hassan knows you. I have told him about you," Nafoosa explained to me, after a minute or two of breathless silence. And I knew by the altered tone of her voice, that a ray of sunshine which would gladden her life for some time to come had stolen into the girl's heart, and was making sweet melody there.

It chanced that soon after this little adventure I caught a cold which kept me, perforce at home, and then a longer time than usual elapsed without my having seen Nafoosa. When I did next see her a change seemed to have taken place in her which frightened me. She was looking ill—wretchedly ill—and there was a restlessness in her manner and a despair in her eye, which told me sooner than words could tell, that the yoke was becoming too galling and difficult to bear. Her husband, too, had altered. Ali had grown silent and morose. Now he never jested nor smiled, and his glistening, snake-like eyes were generally moodily bent upon the ground. Now and then, however, I caught them fixed upon me with a dark look of suspicion, which, whenever I perceived it, used to make my heart jump into my mouth, and my thoughts fly with cruel anxiety to his wife. Once, so indifferently and innocently as I could, I ventured to ask him what the cause of his unwonted gravity was—whether he was ill, or in trouble, or unhappy. But I was repulsed with such a short answer that I understood at once that no further confidences were to be made me about his domestic concerns, and that the dark grief over which he was brooding was too sacred and terrible to be approached.

The end of my story is coming now; and the end is such a sad one that I must hurry over it as quickly as possible. It was about six weeks since the evening that I had paid my first and memorable visit to Ali's house. We were soon to leave Cairo, and we had, during the last days of our stay, made a little expedition to see the Pyramids of Sakkara. Ali accompanied us as usual, for though, by this time, I had grown both to dislike and fear him, for the sake of keeping up my intercourse with his wife to the last, I was careful to conceal my sentiments, and to retain him in our service. We were to have been two nights absent, but on the second day one of our party got ill, which obliged us to alter our plans and to return at once to Cairo. It was late when we reached the hotel, and I well remember the pale smile with which Ali listened to me, as, when I bade him good-night, I promised to go to see Nafoosa on the following day—resolved in my heart to make the girl a final entreaty to submit to her fate, hard as it was, and to implore of her, if from no other motive than the dread of her husband's vengeance, to be faithful to him to the last. Ali heard my promise with cold politeness. A little while ago he would have expressed himself delighted, and would have bidden me a glad welcome. But times had changed now, and I could see that jealousy had awakened distrust even of me, and that he now suspected of the foolish indiscretion he had been guilty of, in allowing a "dog of a Christian" to penetrate into the privacy of his harem. That night I could not sleep. The slow hours went wearily by, and I counted them all. At last, when it was broad daylight, I fell into a disturbed slumber, which was worse than wakefulness, for it was haunted by a wretched dream. What it was I could not at once recall, but I awoke screaming, and frightened out of my life. To sleep again was, of course, impossible, and I rose soon up and dressed. It was early still, but I longed for a breath of fresh air, and I resolved to go out and get it. It was not till I found myself out of the house, inhaling the delicious morning air, and looking with delight at the beautiful sky, still tinged with countless delicate dawn colors, that I all at once remembered that I had dreamed of Nafoosa. It was one of those rare moments in one's life when the perfect loveliness of heaven and earth brings home to one's heart a sudden, swift conviction that existence is a blessed thing. Yet in the midst of it, like a dark, chill shadow, the memory of my dream crept across the brightness and extinguished it. I hurried on my way. Instinctively, and half unconsciously, I had taken the now very familiar direction of Ali's house. It was a tolerably long walk, but I had soon accomplished it, and was in the dusky court-yard from which, on the first evening of my coming, the dogs had barked such an unceremonious welcome. Now they were quiet enough. Everything was still, strangely still—for, early as it was, there were a few people about—dark Moslems, with grave, stern faces, and here and there a woman rocking herself to and fro beneath her white *ezar*, and uttering harsh, wailing sounds. At once I knew that something had happened. What it was I could not summon courage to inquire. My appearance was well known in the place by this time, and I was allowed, without question or comment, to climb the dark, steep staircase. The door at the top of it was half open—an unusual circumstance in a Moslem house. I entered. In the first room there was a small group of turbaned heads and petticoated figures, speaking in subdued tones. One of them approached me as I went by. I believe that it was Ali's brother; but I hardly saw him or heard the words which he addressed to me. The next door was closed. It was that of the women's apartment, and, after a little pause, it was opened for me, and when I passed through quickly closed behind me. I made one step forward, calling Nafoosa. Then I paused, motionless. Nafoosa was there, close to me, on the low divan at my feet. But she never stirred when I called her. O God! she was dead—dead! her white face whiter than I had ever seen it before, her wistful smile smiling up at me more wistfully than it had ever done, and—but I turned away, and could look no more. I had seen a spot of dark crimson blood upon her dress.

Not then, but afterwards, I heard the particulars. As he had threatened, Ali's vengeance had been swift and sure. Nafoosa's young life had been cut off quickly, too quickly, please God, for much pain. It appeared that of late his wife's rebelliousness and open unhappiness had increased the suspicion that he had for a long time secretly harbored. Hassan, counting upon his absence with us, had chosen the previous evening to make an attempt to carry off Nafoosa. But for Ali's unexpected return, he might possibly have succeeded; but, as it was, Ali was behind him, dogging his footsteps, when, at the appointed hour, eight o'clock, he was waiting for Nafoosa's coming. She came—poor girl, she came. But if her lover was waiting for her, so also was her husband, armed with the sharp weapon with which he had sworn to revenge himself. Nafoosa had fallen at his feet without a struggle; but Hassan and he had had a terrible one. Fortunately, interference had come in time to prevent a second death, and both the combatants were secured. Ali's punishment was slight—almost, indeed, nominal. In the East, a wife's infidelity is the justification of any crime; and I believe that he very soon consoled himself with another one. As to Hassan, I heard afterwards that he had disappeared from Cairo, and that even his friends knew nothing of him. Some said that he had committed suicide; others that, to expiate his sin, he had undertaken a pilgrimage to Mecca; others that he had lost his reason, and had wandered away purposelessly to distant countries. I could never discover the truth. Time has passed—all the actors in the little tragedy have faded in the dim past; but Nafoosa's memory ever remains vivid and clear, and her sad, beautiful eyes haunt me still.

☞ SLIPPERY TRICK—Sending prettily worked, comfortable slippers to a single gentleman.

☞ A very narrow spectacle—the creak of a whip.

☞ A fancy farmer of Bourbon county, Kentucky, is said to have built a $20,000 hog-pen, which is painted and grained, furnished with hot and cold water, warmed with steam and lighted with gas. The troughs are of mahogany, inlaid with ivory, and furnished with Phelan cushions. Whenever a hog is led out to execution chloroform is administered. We don't vouch for this.

FOLLY'S FLIGHT.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

BY CLIO STANLEY.

"Polly, Polly!
A name for Polly?"

Something like that Mark Bradbury quoted to himself, as he tried to overtake pretty Dolly Fairbanks.

But the coffee-urn lay and Apostrophe, and Dolly was half a square in advance of him. Such a chase as she led him that wild wintry day; up one street and down another, until he felt all patience, and relieved himself by the above quotation.

Dolly rather liked the fun of the thing. The unusual exercise had tinged her cheeks with a brilliant red—the color of a carnation rose, and her eyes shone like two stars under tempestuous waves of jet; but her fun came to an end suddenly. Her foot slipped on the ice, she lost her balance, and would have fallen, if at that moment Ned Ralston had not been passing, and came to the rescue.

And then he helped her home, of course, and fussed over her safely home, and Dolly, after one look, shy glance behind her, that showed Mark tarning hastily down another street, took the proffered arm, and walked very carefully homewards.

Ned Ralston had been her devoted lover for more than six months—ready at any moment when she would allow him to lay name and fortune at her feet; but up to this time she had kept him at such a safe distance, that he had been unable to decide whether he had sufficient ground for hope, or whether he must make up his mind to suffer defeat.

For Dolly Fairbanks had about as many admirers, and more than one among them waited only for a word of encouragement to be at her feet also!

If there was one in the train she would be willing to use in that position, she kept it bravely to herself, and went on her way, merry and gay, sweet Dolly Fairbanks still!

Her Cousin Dora was at the window when she came home, and watched with inward curiosity the air of devotion with which Ned Ralston bade her good-by.

"Is it all settled, Dolly?" she asked, as Dolly knelt before the fire to warm her fingers.

"Is what settled?" And Dolly turned impatiently round to face her cousin.

"The matter of a lover," said Dora, laughing. "Mrs. Brodie said you would never have Ned, but I have thought, all the time——"

"Do hush, Dora. You will drive me crazy. You know, as well as I do, that Ned Ralston can never be my lover."

"It looks like it, at any rate," Dora continued. "And you might at least have the grace to feel sorry for all those poor fellows who want you, and can't have you."

Dolly dropped her eyes, and let her blushing face say very plainly, "Can I help it?"

"There comes Mark Bradbury up the street," said Dora, settling herself comfortably before the window, "and he looks as if he had been fed on sour grapes for a fortnight. I wonder what can be the matter with him?"

Dolly didn't wonder at all, but she stole on tip-toe up behind her cousin, and looked over her shoulder at the man who loved her better, she believed, than all the lovers she could count on her pretty fingers.

"He is round-shouldered, and he has a dreadfully homely nose," said Dora, solemnly.

Dolly's lips quivered ominously, but she would not say a word.

"Blonde hair and blue eyes," Dora continued sweetly. "It's no wonder you can't endure him, Dolly. He has quite a charming mouth, though. What a pity his eyes——"

"Dora Dalton, you haven't a grain of sense!" No eyes in the world are half as beautiful as blue eyes, and so to blonde hair, it's my admiration."

"Oh!" said Dora, comprehensively.

The word was a little one, but the smile that went with it meant volumes.

Mark Bradbury had been walking very fast, but as he came opposite that particular window, he looked up suddenly, and caught sight of Dolly's blushing face.

There was something in her face that made him think he had punished himself unnecessarily that afternoon, and stealing another look at the rosy cheeks and smiling mouth, he ran up the steps and rang the bell.

Dora sprang up, dropping an armful of gay-colored wools over the carpet, and went to the door.

"Is Dolly—Miss Fairbanks in?"

"Mrs. Fairbanks is in the nursery, as Master Bobby has the croup. *Dolly* is in there," she added, nodding her head toward the half-open door. "Go right in, and I will see if Mrs. Fairbanks can come down." And she vanished, laughing, up the stairway.

He opened the door softly, and went in. Dolly was down on the floor gathering up the scattered skeins of wool.

"Can I help you, Dolly?" he asked, kneeling down beside her.

"No, indeed," she said, quickly. "It is Dora's work, and she dropped it when she ran to the door."

"You make a beautiful picture, Dolly, with those soft, bright things clinging to your gray dress. I wish I could paint you, and keep you always as you look now."

"Don't flatter me," she said, carelessly; but there was a bright sparkle in her brown eyes.

He was silent a moment, and she looked up suddenly. What did he read in her eyes?

"I don't think I should care for the picture, after all, Dolly," he said, soberly."

"Give me *yourself*, instead, darling!"

"But I am only a silly girl, Mark, and I ran away from you this afternoon."

"Let us call that 'Polly's Flight,' darling, and promise you will never do it again."

I don't know what she said, for her head was on his shoulder, and her lips against his cheek; but Dora says, dolefully:

"Ah! but my tangled wools could tell a story!"

☞ When Olive Logan lectured in Nashville, the bill poster stuck one of her lecture-stripe over a patent medicine poster in such a way that this surprising combination resulted:

RHEUMATISM POSITIVELY CURED IN TEN DAYS!
Try One Bottle of
OLIVE LOGAN'S "GIRLS!"

☞ TATTOOING.—A Vienna medical journal gives an account of a marvellously tattooed man. He is an Albanian, very finely formed, and about forty years old. Having got into trouble with the authorities of a district of Chinese Tartary while working a gold mine in that country, he was condemned to be tattooed. The operation was, of course, terribly painful. It lasted three hours a day during three months. When the man is stripped it appears as though his body was tightly enveloped in a webbing of rich Turkish stuff. From head to foot he is covered with dark blue figures of animals and plants.

☞ Dr. Prime, in his "Travels in Japan," says: "Passing through a street, and seeing some forty or fifty coppers hanging on as many nails at the front of a shop (the copper coin has a hole in the centre), I inquired what they were for, and was told they were placed there by the shopkeeper to ward off trouble in recovering the cash of the establishment. When one came along he simply took a copper and passed on, never allowing the charity of the shopkeeper by taking two."

THE PLAGUE OF 1871 IN BUENOS AYRES.

A pestilence has just swept over Buenos Ayres, which, if not equal in fatality to some of the epidemics in Europe during the seventeenth century, is almost without a parallel in modern times. Two accounts of this great disaster have been published, one by the Rev. T. E. Ash, R.A., Chaplain of the British Legation at Buenos Ayres; the other—more recently received—by Wm. H. Hinson, M.R.C.S., and it has occurred to us that some useful sanitary lessons might be gathered from the graphic and instructive narratives which these gentlemen have given.

Buenos Ayres, the capital of La Plata, the city of "great air," is a town of some 180,000 inhabitants, situated on the banks of the river Plate. Until recently it has borne a high reputation for health; "as far as natural climate, air, and soil of the country are concerned, unquestionably the healthiest place in the world," in Mr. Ash's description. Alas, that was, by unforeseen and neglect, should have made it what it is! By what accident of providence it has escaped so long and escaped a catastrophe in one of these epidemics that so dreadfully obtained in cities. Imagine a city with narrow streets, crowded houses, and, to crown a density of population almost beyond belief; where there is no provision for drainage beyond the cesspool or old well; no water-supply save that from the river—a river so poisoned by filth, that "dead fish covered the sea-board as high as Palermo." Add to this a sluggish inlet, into which the Riachuelo (or little Ganges, as it was aptly termed) poured a reeking mass of *débris* from the slaughter-houses, which may be better imagined than described; "the Sudorium continued working, and the river at Barracas literally ran blood; the smell in December had been so horribly nauseous that, in various parts of the town, ladies and people of weak constitution were seized with vomiting when the wind blew from the south."

Newly-made roads had been filled in with offal and refuse from the scavengers' carts before being macadamized, and these gave forth an almost intolerable stench after every shower of rain.

Cesspools have been mentioned as universal, and as many as fifteen or sixteen old wells would be found in clearing the site for a house. These ominously became the receptacles of filth and of water, which it was prohibited to throw in the streets. The soil, therefore, in spite of a dry winter and spring, was saturated with moisture, and a summer sun of unprecedented power brought about the natural results. The summer months in Buenos Ayres are December, January, and February. The plague, therefore, which lasted from January to May, took place in the true epidemic season, the latter half of summer and autumn. "The city was fermenting and steaming; no noxious and deadly were the vapors that rose from the ground, that wherever it was opened nausea and sickness followed." In the expressive words of Mr. Ash, "the air was foul and sickening, the water was corrupted, the earth was reeking with abomination. The plague came, and it found the place ripe for destruction." At the close of 1870, Asuncion, the capital of Paraguay, was attacked, and soon afterwards Corrientes, a town on the direct line of communication between Asuncion and Buenos Ayres. With the new year of 1871 it became manifest that people were dying fast in one of the low quarters of Buenos Ayres: "it was cautiously whispered, 'we have yellow fever amongst us,' but Dr. Golfarini and others hastened indignantly to contradict the rumor, and comfort the public mind. It was only the fall of the leaf, etc."

No precautions were taken, no sanitary cordon drawn round the infected quarter. In February came the Carnival, with its crowded theatres and noisy festivities, and the mortality was doubled. The municipality now became alarmed, and precautions were taken, but whitewash and offal carts, and sprinkling of tar, were inadequate to cope with evils now grown so gigantic. In March the deaths reached 350 in the day, and all parts of the city were involved. Physicians recommended those who could to leave the city, and in the general *sauve qui peut* no less than 100,000 fled from their homes. All honor to those who, in that fearful time, were true to duty. "The few English doctors," we read, "stood their ground manfully," and were all one time or another struck down, but, fortunately, recovered. The Irish nuns, the French sisters of charity, and the clergy of English, Scotch, Irish, and American congregations bore an heroic part, where friends and neighbors had fled in wild dismay. "It was like a gleam of sunshine to see the French and Irish sisters noiselessly moving about on their mission of mercy, soothing the last hour of many, and sometimes rescuing others from the jaws of death, who had been forsaken by friends and kindred."

Bakers and printers suffered most severely; no less than sixteen newspaper carriers died. Women and children almost escaped, and grave-diggers, though overworked, bore a charmed life; "there were 360 employed, and yet not one died of the fever."

The difficulties of interment increased with the mortality, and many bodies lay for days unburied. Men, supposed dead, broke from their flimsy coffins on the way to the grave. Buenos Ayres was as a city of the dead; business was at a stand-still. "At night the silence was rarely broken but by the hollow sound of vehicles taking off the dead, or the tinkling of a little bell, as the blessed Sacrament was conveyed to the dying." Instances of heroic devotion even unto death were numerous. The case of one merchant and his wife, stricken down together, were "so malignant that six nurses in succession died while attending on them, and finally a young lady, of good family and education, volunteered for the post of danger, and also fell a victim." The doctors had toiled nobly. "Of seventy who remained on duty, about half sickened and fifteen died."—(Hiron.) The mortality for the month was 11,000.

By the middle of April all the city offices had closed except four, and twenty days' vacation was ordered by the Government; but more than 22,000 persons had been buried in one cemetery during the past three months.

During the latter part of April and May a marked and rapid improvement took place, until, with the advent of winter, the plague was finally extinguished. Of the cases imported to the country districts none spread, and in other places, such as Parana, Rosario and Monte Video, immunity was secured by a strict and vigilant quarantine. Assistance readily poured in from various quarters. Monte Video sent up £10,000 for the poor; Brazil, Chili, and Banda Oriental were not behind, and in May last large sums of money, together with disinfectants and papers of advice from the sanitary authorities, were promptly forwarded from England to the desolated city.

More recently Dr. Scrivener has been sent over to Europe by the Government of Buenos Ayres to inform himself on all matters of hygiene likely to be of use in averting or combating any future outbreak of the disease. The causes of a mortality so disastrous would not seem far to seek: decomposition of animal and vegetable matters of the vilest description, under an almost tropical sun, poisoned drinking supplies, densely crowded and filthy *foyer* pents invited the quiescent of epidemic disease, and fed it to the last; whilst an imperfect sanitary administration could but look on with dismay. The leaving from the plague were variously estimated at from 30,000 to 70,000, and at one time there remained but 40,000 people in the town, of whom 7,000 were sick, with a daily mortality of 600 or 700.

Such was the plague of the year just ended in Buenos Ayres. It will be well if a lesson has been learned, and a desire for sanitary improvements impressed deeply on the people.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

DEATH OF PROFESSOR MORSE.

On the evening of April 2d died of paralysis of the brain Professor Samuel F. B. Morse, the "father of the magnetic telegraph." With the natural regret always felt at the loss of a man greatly and justly distinguished for his usefulness to his fellow-men, there will be mingled on this occasion the reflection that he lived to enjoy a fulness of years beyond the average span of human life, and a fullness of honors and renown rarely attained by the benefactors of mankind. The news was announced so profusely during so many days and weary years prior to 1848, for remuneration of his great invention, and to secure aid in his efforts to give it to the world, even to the last telegraph spanning hundreds of thousands of miles, uniting all the great continents and spreading over nearly all land, and literally bringing the uttermost parts of the earth together; he lived, when in deep sense of the fruits of his labor, and to be the honored recipient of titles, decorations and orders from the great States of Europe, and a substantial testimonial from a Congress of European nations, called for the purpose, in which were the representatives of France, Russia, Austria, Sweden, Rome, Turkey, Sardinia, Holland, Belgium and Tuscany. When Professor Morse invented was the mechanical device which enabled the magnetic wire to write or record and to "speak" over long distances, rapidly, simply, conveniently, so as to bring the possibilities of the magnetic wire to their highest use. His system, after thirty years of experience, remains without a rival. He took the electro-magnet (without the aid of which the magnetic telegraph would still be dumb) as it came from Professor Joseph Henry, in whose hands it had become a perfect instrument, and who had demonstrated its capabilities—and with that magnet Professor Morse compiled his wonderful piece of mechanism, that gave it voice and power to do the great work it is accomplishing to-day. Among the world's benefactors his name is, beyond all doubt, the most widely known. By means of his own invention, the mournful intelligence of his failing life is carried to all parts of the world, and simultaneously through all civilized nations, it will prompt his eulogy and his eulogium.

Professor Morse was born in Charlestown, Massachusetts, April 27th, 1791, and graduated at Yale College, Conn., in 1810. He went to England in 1811, in order to study painting, and made such progress in his profession that in 1813 his picture of "The Dying Hercules," of colossal size, was admitted to the exhibition of the "Royal Academy." The plaster model of the same subject, which he had made to assist him in his picture, was awarded the prize of a gold medal, by the "Adelphi Society of Arts." In 1815 he returned to the United States and practiced his profession with varying success in Boston, in Charleston, S. C., and in New York City, where he settled in 1822, and with other artists, in 1826, established the "National Academy of Design." He was first President of this institution, and held the office for sixteen years. In 1830 he again visited Europe, and while returning home on the ship Sully, in the autumn of 1832, conceived the idea of an electric telegraph and of an electro-magnetic and chemical recording telegraph, substantially as they now are known. In 1837 he completed his apparatus, and exhibited his system in New York and Washington. Having failed to obtain aid from Congress for the construction of an experimental line to show the practicability and utility of the electro-magnetic telegraph, he visited England and France to introduce his invention, but failed to secure letters patent. He returned to the United States, and after a disheartening struggle of four years, on March 4, 1843, in the closing hour of an expiring session, succeeded in obtaining from Congress an appropriation of $30,000 for an experimental line between Washington and Baltimore. The work was completed in 1844, and the Morse system of electro-magnetic telegraphy was at last proved to be useful and practicable. In 1852 Professor Morse laid a submarine telegraph in New York harbor, and received a gold medal from the "American Institute" for this achievement. In a letter to the Secretary of the Treasury, dated August 10th, 1853, Professor Morse made, it is believed, the first suggestion of the project of a telegraph cable across the Atlantic.

THE CALIFORNIA EARTHQUAKE.

The earthquake of Tuesday last in California was much more severe than at first reported. The centre of the shocks was in Inyo county, and here the town of Lone Pine was totally destroyed, and Carro Gordo badly damaged. A number of persons were killed at Lone Pine, but only one man was killed at Carro Gordo. The first shock at Lone Pine was followed quickly by three others, "and the earth was in a constant tremble for three hours." A chasm 35 miles in length, and from 3 inches to 40 feet in width, was opened in the valley. At Swansea, Col. Tregellos was killed. The shocks still continue in the district, though with lessened violence. At Visalia, several were felt on Saturday night, coming from the south-east. It is rumored that a volcano has been seen in active operation from the summit of Greenhood Mountain, 60 miles south of Visalia. The Indians are leaving the district, as they fear a recurrence of the general convulsion, which, according to their traditions, converted a range of mountains into the Owen's river valley several centuries ago. The latest advices state that Big Owen's Lake has risen four feet since the earthquake. At Tibbett's Ranch, forty acres of ground sunk seven feet below the surrounding country. Kern's and Owen's rivers were turned backward, and reflowed with increased violence. The total number of killed in Inyo county is stated at 30, and the wounded at 100.

THE ELECTIONS.

"Complete and revised" returns from Connecticut give Jewell 74 majority over all his competitors. The State Senate stands 15 Republicans to 6 Democrats, and the House 130 Republicans to 111 Democrats.

The Rhode Island election was held April 3d. The returns from all the towns except Block Island give Padelford, Republican, 1157 majority for Governor, and Cutler, Democrat, 297 majority for Lieutenant Governor. The Republicans have 15 majority in the Senate and 36 in the House.

Columbus, Ohio, went Republican on Tuesday by 150 majority.

Democratic Mayors were elected in St. Paul and Minneapolis on Tuesday. The Democratic majority in St. Paul was 1600.

WOMAN'S RIGHTS CONVENTION.—A Woman's Rights Convention has been called to meet in New York on May 9th, by Elizabeth Cady Stanton, Susan B. Anthony, and others.

☞ "My heart leaps up when I behold a rainbow in the sky," the great Wordsworth says. What a chronic palpitation this respectable poet would have had if he had lived at Santa Cruz, California, where there were recently witnessed no less than forty-one rainbows in a single day.

A COMPLICATED CASE.

During the war, a man named Smith had a mule taken from him by the United States military authorities for use in the army. Smith subsequently died, and his widow made application for payment. Pending the examination of the claim, the guardian of Smith's infant children intervened, claiming that payment should not be made to the widow, but should be made to him as guardian. His guardian's allegation is that, after Smith's wife died (who was the mother of these infant children) Smith married again; after which Smith died, leaving this widow (the applicant above described.) But it is alleged that when Smith married the second wife she had another husband living, and therefore her marriage to Smith was void. The guardian consequently claims the money on behalf of the infant children of Smith. The application, says the Washington Chronicle, is in the Third Auditor's Office, and the claim there are puzzling documents over the signature.

LUCK.

It is the shallow who believe in luck, who say of a successful man, "He always was lucky," or of an unsuccessful one, "Poor fellow, just his luck!" A man's luck is generally the measure of his capacity and his perseverance. Cause produces effect, the world over. Water does not run up hill, nor do we gather, even in these days of progress, grapes of thorns or figs of thistles. If one would gather golden grain he must first sow his seed. If he would be wise he must work for wisdom. Riches, goodness, fame, love—every one has its price, and can be purchased for the least. Life is a perpetual auction where all prizes are knocked down to the highest bidder. The world's great men have been those who have toiled early and late. Even genius can find no royal road to its goal. Goethe and Milton and Newton labored as the sturdy-going, fine gentlemen of literature cannot conceive. If they won so great they achieved greatness—it was not thrust upon them.

☞ A man who went out West with a view to investing money in the establishment of a paper-mill, has discovered one small town which he regards as an excellent site for the business, because, as he says, there are more rags in proportion to the population, than in any other place he ever saw.

☞ Cuba are clearing out their finer productions for presenting for the great "Peace Jubilee" in June.

☞ An Iowa widow has successively buried three husbands named Smith.

☞ Anti-tobacconist associations are forming out West with the object of fleecing the tee-total minority to defend by law.

☞ A Boston girl, whose patient on a ride, contrary to her wish, insisted on stopping at a tobacconist's for a cigar, took advantage of his leaving her all alone at the attraction and the vehicle to drive to her paternal abode, in front of which the abandoned one, some hours afterwards, found his conveyance.

☞ Mr. Beecher says—"Consider morbid self-distrust as an intruder that has no business in your brain. Treat it as you would insects or vermin that infest your dwelling. Hunt it, crush it, give it no quarter."

☞ At a stout old lady got out of a crowded omnibus in front of the Astor House the other day, she exclaimed—"Well, that's a relief, anyhow." To which the driver, eyeing her ample proportions, replied: "So the 'ween think, mere."

☞ A Chinese newspaper has entered upon its two-thousandth volume. It has lost all its original subscribers.

☞ Six of the foreign diplomats at Washington are married to American wives.

☞ Very remarkable matrimonial case in Santa Clara, Cal. A man claims a woman as his wife. The justice of the peace who performed the ceremony supports the man's pretensions. *Per contra*, the lady vows, swears, protests, and declares that she is no such person, but quite another woman. This case is on a par with that we recently published, telling how a man was married and forgot the fact. Here is apparently a fellow who is not married, but thinks he is, for the woman cannot be mistaken. Women never are.

☞ A new style of watch is in the shape of a bootle, thickly encrusted with precious stones. One side of the wing opens with a spring, and discloses a watch dial, and the other side has a small place for a miniature.

☞ The Sibyl, a paper published by the young ladies of Elmira College, has this: "A certain sophomore suggested in regard to the junior class-pins, that the moon was chosen as the form on account of the man in it. How deep are sophomore meditations?" The Sibyl also makes the following important announcement: "The young ladies of Elmira College do not do housework."

☞ The lawyers' fees in the notorious Tichborne case amount to $680,000. The jurymen were paid $5 a day, and for the 105 days during which the trial lasted, received $6180.00.

☞ A young theological student, not far from Boston, recently invited a young lady to attend a concert. The damsel's answer was in this wise: "If you come as a temporary supply, I must decline the invitation. I am only hearing regular candidates." He didn't supply.

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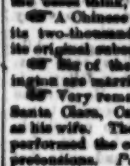

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WIT AND HUMOR.

SIMON'S WIFE'S MOTHER.

The following bit of pleasantry will, we think, bear resuscitation and be read with pleasure. It will also be new to a great many. A countryman was in New York on an August Sunday, and crossed the Brooklyn ferry in the morning, for the purpose of hearing Beecher. But, lo! the Plymouth pulpit was occupied by a stranger, who delivered a brilliant [illegible] from the text: "And behold Simon's wife's mother lay sick of a fever." Mr. Beecher was away taking his vacation.

In the afternoon the man sought to console himself for the morning's disappointment by listening to E. H. Chapin. He was shown to a front seat by the sexton of E. H. Chapin's church, and in due time was horrified to see the minister of the morning appear in the pulpit. The poor visitor heard, for the second time, the sermon from the text: "And behold Simon's wife's mother lay sick of a fever," and went out of the sacred place very discouraged. Mr. Chapin was taking his summer vacation.

In the evening the man, thinking to redeem in a measure the defeats of the day, occupied a choice sitting in the Reformed Dutch church, for the sake of hearing the genial, eloquent and scholarly Bethune. But his heart was quite broken when the evil spirit that had possessed him all day got up and gave out a hymn. And when the text was announced, "And behold Simon's wife's mother lay sick of a fever," the party, who knew all about the subject, rushed wildly from the everdoors, and ran to his hotel. Dr. Bethune was taking his summer vacation.

The next morning the man took the first train for home, and, stepping into the car, there was his ministerial friend of the day before, with his sermon under his arm. The New York bells were ringing a fire alarm, and says the minister to his lay brother—"Friend, do you know what those bells are tolling for?"

Says the countryman, looking hard at the sermon, "I don't know; but I shouldn't wonder if Simon's wife's mother was dead. I heard three times yesterday that she was down with a fever."

THE INSTINCTS OF ANIMALS.

A man in Wilmington writes to his newspaper to relate an extraordinary proof of the fact that even in animals the ruling passion is strong in death. He purchased half-a-dozen links of sausages and took them home, and placed them upon the table. A few moments afterward he happened to whistle, when he observed the whole of that sausage throw off the brown-paper wrapper and leap upon the floor. He cut the links apart and replaced them. The next morning he was surprised to find three of them cuddled together sleeping snugly, two of them crawling around the milk-pail lapping the milk, while a black-and-white one was roosting out on the back fence "pointing" at a pigeon on the shed. He was obliged to drown them before they could be used. How strange is the instinct of animals! And how beautifully does Nature, by providing it, compensate them for the absence of reason.—*Max Adeler in Sunday [illegible].*

AN UNGRATEFUL SUFFERER.

A Detroit man, who sent a generous bundle of cast-off clothing to the [illegible] victims in Wisconsin, has received from one of the sufferers the following: "The committy man giv me, amongst other things, wat he called a pare of pants, and 'twould make me pant sum to wear 'em. I found your name and where you lived on one of the pokits. My wife laffed so when I showed 'em to her, that I thot she wood have a conipshin fit. She wants to no if there lives and brethes a man who has legs no bigger than that. She sed if there was, he orter be taken up fur vagrancy fur having no visible means of support. I cuddn't get 'em on my oldest boy, so I used 'em for gun cases. If you hev another pare to spare, my wife would like to get 'em to hang up by the side of the fire-place to keep the tongs in."

THE ROMANCE OF A FIFTY-CENT NOTE.

A St. Louis correspondent tells us that "Jinks got married the other night." Jinks is a clerk in a store for the sale of laces and things. One day a young and pretty customer tendered to him, in exchange for some lace, a much-worn and patched fifty-cent stamp. Jinks looked at it dubiously. It was against the rules to take such. His face was so grave and his manner so hesitating that the pretty face said, in the sweetest of tones:

"Would you like a *better* half?"

"Well," stammered Jinks, his heart in his mouth and his face crimson, "I wouldn't object, provided, miss, the—the—right person w-would accept me."

The pretty face blushed, too; but three months later the twain became one flesh, as above stated.

THAT COMET!

Inquiries are being instituted for the whereabouts of Mr. Encke, the proprietor of a comet, who was advertised to have the same on exhibition last January. The last information we had concerning his comet, it was millions of miles up in the perihelion of something. This postponing the show from month to month is not very Encke-couraging, and is calculated to impress the people with the belief that Mr. Encke does not own a comet. It may be, however, that this comet, like Dr. Livingstone, is lost, and an expedition will have to be sent in search of it, if we want to see it.

A TRUE HERO.

A brief history of the career of a railroad man is thus related: His name is Bully Bly. He talks about himself. He was a railroad engineer. His engine was faithful, and he was kind. Everybody liked him, and set their watches and clocks by his train. One day, as usual, he was on time. Swift rolled the iron-steed on its way. Bully Bly was at his post. It was in the blackberry season, on Saturday. As he came round the curve—don't you know that curve is always there in a railroad story, as certain as love in a novel; a sort of turning point, as one might say—he spied numerous children upon the track where it was hedged in by woods and briars. In an instant he saw no ordinary means would save those innocent beings. His engine was at her highest speed. But hesitating not,

> He shut her off—spit on his hands—
> He made one awful [illegible]
> With all his strength he grabbed her wheel,
> While to the ground he dug his heel,
> And held her fast,

and they were saved. Alas! how do our petted Hercules, our Samson, our Hector, our Ulysses, our Agamemnon, sink into utter insignificance before the might and courage of this truly noble man.

THE QUESTION OF THE HOUR.

Somebody locates the following in the Granite State: A couple had quarrelled during the whole term of their married life. At last the husband was taken ill, and evidently about to die. His wife came to his bedside, where, after she had seen his condition, the following colloquy ensued:

"Wy, daddy, your feet are cold, and your nose is cold!"

"Wa'al, let um be cold!"

"Wy, daddy, you're going to die!"

"Wa'al, I guess I know wut I'm about!"

"Wy, daddy, wut's to become of me if you die?"

"Dunno, and don't care! Wut I want to know is, wut's to become of me!"

DAY AND NIGHT.

I.

> Though my heart throbs not when I hear her voice,
> [illegible]
> [illegible]
> [illegible]
> [illegible]
> A touch of heavenly peace to light her face.
> [illegible]
> [illegible]
> [illegible]
> [illegible]
> [illegible]
> It is enough, my breathing the same air,
> [illegible]
> This is the placid day: oh! must there come a night?

II.

> To her alone I can myself disclose;
> She always understands and comforts me.
> So brave, so fresh, so generous is she,
> [illegible]
> [illegible]
> And [illegible] dark brown hair, and youth's rich bloom.
> Where'er she moves is warmth and sweet perfume.
> And yet, o'er all this goodness ill may rise;
> [illegible]
> [illegible]
> [illegible]
> [illegible]
> But now she is my day and life and light.
> It is the joyous day: I will not think of night.

—*Old and New.*

Leaves from a Pocket Diary.

No. 21.

TRIPLE VENGEANCE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY CAPTAIN CARNES.

Some months later I found myself heading towards Ruby City. I knew too well the danger of an evening ramble, either on horseback or afoot, in that section of country, so I persuaded my horse with an occasional snap of the whip to do his muscular best in pacing the stretch of plain lying between me and my destination.

I had not intended to be caught going after nightfall in this dangerous vicinity, but my intention of stopping at the small hostelry in the settlement, where I had arrived in the middle of the afternoon, was damped by the appearance of a squad of loungers about the bar, and the generally unprepossessing exterior of the landlord. So, taking my supper and baiting my horse, I declared my intention of pushing forward, at the same time rather ostentatiously examining my pistols.

"Stranger in these parts?" questioned my host, as I was eating my supper.

"No, not precisely," I evasively replied, with a rapid glance at the loungers.

"Better tarry all night, stranger; the route's not over safe, and—"

"Thank you," I coolly replied, "but I am expected in Ruby City at the earliest possible moment. I shall move on."

Whether I had done more harm than good by giving out that I was expected at my journey's end, I could not tell. Whether it would deter the villains from any meditated violence by giving them to understand that I was not a chance traveller, or whether it would incite them to outrage by creating the belief that I might be possessed of money, was an unsettled question in my mind.

The twilight crept up, as I reflected upon the matter, and began to bother my vision on a long range, and [illegible] anathematizing the roughness of the road, that made a common trot affect the spine like an impromptu earthquake, I ambled unsteadily forward, with the possibility of being shaken into a loose jelly before I should come to a decent place to put up. As the twilight deepened into dusk, I was more surprised than pleased to discover a horseman riding from the right, and evidently bent upon overtaking me, as my form must have been plainly outlined between the western sky and his vision.

As he came up we exchanged the usual salutations, and I drew a little to the right to allow him opportunity to take the apology of a road, and pass on.

But he slackened pace, and showed no disposition to do so. Very well, if he chose to ride abreast.

"It is a bad bit of country to travel alone," he hazarded, after a moment's silence.

"Perhaps," I retorted, "and yet if one be alone his several senses are unoccupied and on the alert."

He laughed a little.

Now, how small a trifle serves as a pivot to revolve some revelation or repulsion of feeling upon. If he had not laughed, I should have been negatively alert, but the moment that his peculiar laugh greeted my ears I recalled the same rather peculiar sound as having reached my ears at the inn of the settlement left some five miles back.

A bunch of prickles seemed suddenly to shower down my back and into my boots, for I could only surmise what the fellow's errand might be. For the next twenty minutes I was too confused in my mind to think of any plan of defence. Meanwhile, he was speaking of the recent mail robberies in the near vicinities and adjoining territories. In fact, he was so conversant with particulars that I had no doubt but that he had personally been connected with the outrages.

We were now approaching the wooded belt of the S— fork, tributary to the L— river, and I proposed in a manner that might mean a joke, or might not as the person was disposed to take it—

"In view of the dangers which you portray, stranger, I'm a leetle shaky in having a chap follow me through yonder defile; so you get up and get on ahead."

"So you say," he returned, "but it ain't just the sort to put a fellar whar ye're no thought of being yerself."

"Maybe so and maybe not; but as we can't ride abreast through yonder creek, you'll just oblige me by getting on first; you ride as if you knew the country hereabouts, and it's always safer for a stranger to follow than to lead."

He came to a sudden dead halt.

"If you've no objections, stranger, I'll wait here for an explanation. What do you take me for?"

"I am not taking you at all," said I, turning my eye uneasily about, fearing every moment some of his gang might break covert; "but as you said nothing back there at the inn about going my way, I conclude that you have followed me, and I argue that it is safest for both of us that you get on in advance."

"Supposing, stranger, that I take the same view of the matter—eh?"

"Then I have only to retain the worst opinion of you, and give a burst of eloquence from these tulips of mine," presenting as I spoke a revolver, whose cold front could not be mistaken nor frowned down.

For a moment he hesitated, and then muttering something between his teeth, put spurs to his horse.

Now it was not my purpose to lose sight of him, and thus give him a chance to bag from ambush, so I gave my quadruped the word and took to the track after him.

We neared D—, when he suddenly swerved off to the left, and I lost sight of him. In D— I found several old friends, but also learned that General H— had been called off some fifty miles from where I had appointed to meet him, and this fact would necessitate a stage journey over the dangerously notorious route traversed periodically by renegade robbers. But as two of my acquaintances were also inclined to push on towards Santa Fe in company, it brightened the prospect of the journey.

Before morning a heavy rain set in which held us captive through the first part of the day, Jehu not coming up to time from the northward. By noon the heavy showering ceased, and the sky cleared somewhat, promising a fair night. Jehu came up, ate a hearty dinner, put a coal in his huge pipe and called out for relays.

"Not a particle of odds, gentlemen," said the brave fellow, "whether it be day time or night with us. If we have got to pass Ruby City and cross the plains to P—, we might as well go straight forward. We can be seen farther by day, and can, if the worst comes to the worst, skulk better, individually, in the night. Is it get up?"

A general assent was given, and an hour later we were off at a bouncing pace, no doubt disarranging the movements of our human grist-mills that were attempting to grind our dinners.

"Twelve miles out from D— last week," said Jehu the hero, "we had an infernal fight with five Apache devils and three white outlaws, who out-Indianed the Indians. Three inside passengers and Mr. Deverney on the box with me lost their eyesight and hearing—yes, sir, shot just like quail on their roost; but the rest of us took the measure of four of them, and have spoken for the remainder if they want us to tuck them in their little beds;" and this horrible humor finished up with three puffs from his meerschaum. He rather seemed to enjoy the prospect of another encounter.

There were six inside passengers, while myself and one other fellow rode outside with Jehu. Of the other fellow outside I had not got a full view. He wore one of those broad-brimmed hats peculiar to the western "Jay hawker," which completely shaded his face. He had spoken but a few words since taking his seat, and up to that time I had not seen him, he having sprung to the seat at the very moment of starting.

Mile after mile was passed in safety. It was getting along towards midnight. At three o'clock we should come into R—, and find relays again.

"Gentlemen, if you are getting sleepy in there," says Jehu, speaking to those inside, "whiffle some tobacco smoke in each other's eyes, for yonder is the ravine where my team was overhauled on the last trip, and ten chances to one the traps are set for us again."

There was a rapid survey of the condition of individual pistols, followed by an ominous silence.

The old stage bowled along at the rate of six miles an hour, making steadily for the dangerous locality at the top of its speed. The only change manifest about the driver was a winding of the ribbons around his hand and an incessant flourishing of his lasso-like whip.

There is no sensation that I can think of worse than the expectation of danger. The nerves contract and tighten, the heart bounds, and the arteries in the head beat furiously. The crash of the heaviest thunder is nothing like the expectation of the second vivid glare of lightning after the first flash has caused every nerve in the body to leap.

Suddenly the driver shouted,

"They're on us, boys—take sure aim."

The horses were swerved to the left with a rare, strategetic movement, which allowed a full view of a dozen burly forms leaping from the shadow of the belt of woodland. Then sounded a half-dozen of those torpedo-like cracks, which were followed by as many more reports from the assailants.

It would be impossible to tell all that transpired in the next fifteen minutes. After the first reports, there came a fierce whoop which, with the streams of fire and reports of the pistols, frightened the horses into ungovernable terror.

"God!" shouted the brave little driver, holding his plunging leaders one with the right and one with the left hand—"that's no Apache whoop—blow a tunnel away through every bastard wind-pipe among the white devils. Fire! shoot! kick 'em after you're dead, boys," he yelled, in perfectly furious glee, as every one of us made the case of the coveted mail-bags [illegible].

"Uncle's budget under the [illegible] has got to go safely through—can't let go of the horses, boys, you'll want to ride after your wrestling. There goes another pair of heels playing on airy treadles—whoop! another shot—there goes the big fellow with the shoulder [illegible] for post-holes—fire away! whoa, Billy, Dick, here, sir, put your feet down—what 'yer 'about? whoa!" But they whirled the resolute fellow around and around, they swung him like a new style pendulum—and where he got the lung power to keep up his yells, was a mystery to me afterwards.

I don't know how the fight might have terminated had we not had the singular exhilaration of the driver's manner, and the furious fighting of the outside passenger. After the fight had fairly begun, the latter leaped from the stage with the most unearthly yell, the flash of a pistol having lighted up a face among the assailants which he recognized.

"By all the fiends! I have you at last, after months of searching," he shouted—"this for Blanche—this for the stranger—and this for Colonel Deere!" and three distinct and rapid charges were fired at the breast of him who seemed to be the leader of the robbers.

This fierce onset turned the tide of battle in our favor; it was this that gave us the advantage by striking terror in the others.

At last Edward Durrel had executed triple vengeance upon the robber-gambler Vaux.

"Let the wolves bury the dead carrion," said Jehu, "but pick up our boys. And now Billy and Duke, take these wounded heroes into D—, at your best double-quick."

We were off at a rocking gallop for D—.

SATISFACTORY.

"Dining at Lady Laburnum's to-morrow?" "Yaas."
"So am I." "*So* glad!"
"*So* glad you're glad!!" "*So* glad you're glad I'm glad!!!"

AMUSING ARTLESSNESS.

Miss Annie Brewster, writing from Rome to the Philadelphia *Evening Bulletin*, says in the course of a letter:

One of the most refreshing specimens of ignorance and commonsense has been delighting a portion of American Rome the last fortnight. It is one of our countrymen. He has become famous. His witty sayings have been repeated at the dinner parties of "the elect made perfect." As Monsieur Jourdain, he has spoken prose without knowing it. I made even the calm, languid features of Mr. Leckey, the author of Rationalism, relax into a benignant smile, at a dinner, the other night, and the rest of the company peal out laughter, by recounting in the simplest manner the delicious *bon mots* of this wit unawares.

"Here," he said to a gentleman, whom he met in the reading-room of the hotel at which they both lodged, "Here, tell me what there is to see in this infernal old one-hoss town?"

The gentleman appealed to was stunned for an instant; then he suddenly thought of St. Peter's as a place likely to affect all manner of persons, ignorant as well as educated.

"O, I've seen that bildin', sir," answered our wit. "I've walked its hull length and breadth and then I stepped off its wedth; and then went atop. I know the old place all through and through to bits. None of you can't tell nothin' about that old church. I jest studied it out all by myself, and I finished it up clean, I tell you. But there's another bildin' I was told I must see, and I can't for the life of me recollect what it's called."

Several places were named over in vain; at last the Coliseum was by chance mentioned.

"Kolly-see-um! That sounds suthin' like it. What sort of bildin' is it? What did they use to do in it?"

"It was a place of public amusement," he was told.

"A sort of theatre? Eh," he asked.

"Yes, an ampitheatre for public games."

"Is it runnin' now?"

"Oh no! it is in ruins."

"Oh, played out," said our delicious wit, with a snort of contempt. "I see. Jest like many another thing in the blasted dirty old hole," and my dear fellow-countryman swaggered off sucking his cigar, filled with intense disgust for "the whole d—d nonsense," as he expressed it, "of this here Rome and its ruins, its idolitary, ignorance and dirt." A few days after he said he had been visiting some of the galleries; he was asked how he liked the pictures.

"Not much; it seems like a useless pack of rubbish to me. But then you see I'm no epicure."

WHY "BROKERS?"

Eli Perkins relates the following conversation between his Uncle Consider and Daniel Drew:

"I should like to know, confidentially," said my uncle, what proportion of operators on the street eventually 'bust up' and retire to the almshouse?"

"Wal, I calculate about ninety-eight out of one hundred fizzle out and bust," said Mr. Drew.

"What becomes of the other two?"

"They get robbed, waylaid, or bust a blood-vessel."

"Then the reason they are called brokers is because they break up everybody, and finally break up themselves?" asked my uncle.

"That is evidently the reason," said Mr. Drew, scratching his head.

DELIGHTFUL SCRAPS OF FEMININITY.

A contemporary lately said, in a letter to young men, "Don't marry dimples, nor ankles, nor eyes, nor mouths, nor chins, nor hair, nor necks, nor teeth, nor simpers. These bits and scraps of femininity are mighty poor things to tie to. Marry the true thing." We'll wager a dollar, that the man who favored this gratuitous bit of advice has been doing something he was ashamed of. What young man would be foolish enough to tie himself to a "scrap of femininity" that possessed none of these "mighty poor things?" Undoubtedly some one has been fooling around this poor fellow, and the whole thing is a put-up job. Marry the true thing! Just imagine a "true thing" without dimples, or ankles, or eyes, or mouth, or hair, or neck, or teeth, or simpers. But few ever "hitched onto" such a shadow, and they died soon afterward. We call these "scraps" good things to have in the house, and the man who don't tie to some of these lives in vain.—*Ex.*

TRUE GRATITUDE.—A New York lawyer, who procured the acquittal of a man who was under arrest for assault and battery, was waited upon the next day by his client, and most gratefully thanked for his services. "What can I do for you?" asked the client. "Nothing," replied the lawyer. "Don't you want an office? I can control any number of votes." "I have no political aspirations," replied the lawyer. "But ain't there some man you want to have licked?" rejoined the client. The poor lawyer has not yet recovered from this overpowering exhibition of gratitude.

Answers to Correspondents.

[illegible]

"Hear you like a very [illegible]."

There is another point worthy of some consideration. You are quite undecided which of the two you will take. How do you know but both may be quite decided that they will not take you? As to your last point, of holding on to both, it is an excellent mode of getting neither. Decide which you like best, and then, if she has no more serious claim than an innocent fondness for gentlemen's company, or a devotion [illegible], go in and win—if you can.

CONSTANCE (New Orleans, La.) writes: "I hope you will be kind enough to answer the following questions: 1st. Is the son of Napoleon I. still living? and if so what is his occupation and condition in life, and where is he living? 2d. Is his wife (Napoleon I.) still living? and if so has she ever married? 3d. In speaking of the enlargement of your paper you speak of the 'New Departure.' I never saw the word used in that sense before. Is it a newly-coined phrase? 4th. Did you ever hear of a vegetable called the 'Dish Rag Squash'? I would like very much to get some of the seed if they are grown in this country. I have heard them spoken of as being good to eat when green, and when they are dry they get stringy and are used for dish rags. The friend that was speaking to me of them said, that, they were grown in Martinique. Please give me all the information on the subject you can." Napoleon's son died in 1832. He was an officer in the Austrian army, and had been raised to the rank of Lieutenant Colonel shortly before his death. Josephine, Napoleon's wife, died on the 29th of May, 1814, of inflammation of the throat, while Napoleon was in exile at Elba. The phrase, "New Departure," was used to designate a new platform for the Democratic party; being a departure from the old political issues. The phrase is so suggestive that it has come into general use. We have not heard of the Dish Rag Squash, and there is no such name among the American varieties. Nor do we think you would find it very well fitted for two such opposite uses. If it is good for the table, it is doubtful if it would prove very good for washing the dishes, and you would find it best to make your dish rags out of a different material.

R. I. R. (Hannibal, Mo.,) says: "I saw in a magazine the word 'Bellicose.' The word is not in Webster's Dictionary. Please give me the definition." It means pugnacious, quarrelsome, eager to fight—from the Latin *Bellicosus*. It is in our copy of Webster's Dictionary.

JENNIE, (Indianapolis, Ind.) says: "You will please tell me if the China wedding, occurring at twenty years of married life, is often celebrated? And will you tell me how cards of invitation are printed for such an anniversary?" It is not often celebrated, so far as our experience goes. Cards may be printed as if for an ordinary party, with the words "China Wedding placed in the lower left-hand corner. Or, if considered preferable, they may be introduced in the body of the invitation.

SUBMARINE DIVER, (Elizabethtown, Ill.) writes: "An old subscriber hopes to be pardoned for troubling you with a question about diving armor. Please tell me through the correspondents' column how armor is made, of what different materials it is composed, how air is supplied, and how the diver signals to those who are above water. Also tell me if the most approved kind of armor would be reasonably safe for a first-class waterman. Please inform me where I can send for such goods?" Submarine armor consists of a flexible water-proof suit for the body, of india rubber or other suitable material, and of a metal mask for the head, which is joined by a water-proof connection with the suit. The diver sinks by the aid of weights attached to his feet. Air is supplied by means of a flexible tube, through which it is constantly forced by an air pump. This tube passes under the left arm of the diver, and enters the back of the helmet, so that the air strikes on the glass window before the eyes, and keeps it clear of moisture. The diver signals by means of a small line, whose end he holds in his hand. There is an escape valve through which the products of breathing are forced out by the fresh air. This fact that a man is experienced above water would not necessarily adapt him to an under water life. We do not know where these suits are sold. Apply to an India rubber store, and you can probably obtain the information.

SUBSCRIBER (Richmondville, Mich.) says: "Will you be kind enough to inform me through the *Post* how the name Tichborne is pronounced? Whether it is Tick-borne or Tich-borne?" Your first form is probably correct. Proper names, in their pronunciation, often set at nought all rules, and one must know how they are pronounced by the parties themselves to be sure of correctness. But the ordinary rules of pronunciation are in favor of Tick-borne.

B. K. (Galveston, Texas,) writes: "Is it true, as I have heard, that the ostrich has been domesticated, for purposes of commerce, that it thrives under domestication? I was impressed with the idea that this bird was too tamelessly wild to be tamed, and that it could not survive and increase in a contracted compass. If efforts have been made to domesticate it, will you please tell me their object and result?" The ostrich has been domesticated, and to an important extent. As for the space required, one farmer, at the Cape of Good Hope, has thirty, enclosed in a space of eight acres, and says this enclosure will easily contain and support one hundred. They feed upon lucerne, which is grown within the enclosure, and of which each ostrich eats about twenty pounds per day. The feathers are cut every eight months, being cut near the roots, which are taken out two months afterwards. Each plucking of a grown bird realizes about one-quarter pound of feathers. As evidence of the financial value of the bird it is said that three pluckings of full plumaged birds realized fifty dollars per year for each. The young are kept in warm lodges, which are heated in winter. No difficulty is experienced in raising them. They are not fed on iron nails, as the old story goes, but are given sand, pulverized quartz, small bones, and plenty of water. In 1860 they could be bought for $2.50 per pair. They are worth now $25.00 each when young, and $40 to $50 when three or four months old. The production of feathers in 1870 was 29,000 pounds worth $435,000.

UNKNOWN writes: "Please answer me one or two questions. 1st. What is the present debt of the United States, and how long will it take to pay it off at the present rate of reduction? 2d. What was the loss by the late war to the United States? Also, what was the Confederate loss of life?" The debt of the United States on January 1st was about 2270 millions of dollars. It has been reduced during the last three years at the rate of about [illegible] dollars per month. This rate, if continued, would pay it in about twenty-three years. But by applying the reduction in interest to the same purpose the time would be reduced eight or ten years. You can make the calculation for yourself from the above figures. The loss of life to the armies of the North was about 272,000. The Confederate loss is not known.

MRS. R. L. K. (Amesville, O.,) writes: "I take the privilege of asking you a few questions. Can you make up back numbers of the Lady's Friend for this year, 1873, to begin with April? I think about it and miss it so much, as I took it last year." We presume you mean to inquire if we can furnish back numbers to and begin your subscription with the first of the year. We can do so. You will find the terms given in the numbers you have. Send the money in a registered letter, or better, by a money order.

BROWN (Sandusky, O.,) writes: "Will the Post be kind enough to give me some few particulars concerning meerschaum. Don't tell me it is not composed of sea-foam, as I am well aware of that already, and know the origin of the idea. But tell me, if you please, what it is, where it is found, and something concerning its manufacture." Certainly. And we will not tell you that meerschaum is not sea-foam, otherwise than etymologically. Physically it is a species of magnesian mineral, which is found largely in Asiatic Minor, occurring between thick layers of serpentine rock. It also occurs in Spain. But the best meerschaum comes from Asia Minor. The bulk [illegible] by Armenian Christians, [illegible]

[illegible]

WEARNER (Clermont, Iowa) writes: "Will you please answer the following questions [illegible]. How to seat a lady in entering a house? 2d. Which side ought a gentleman to take on the street when with a lady on horseback? [illegible]

[illegible]

—the [illegible]. The gentlemen are not allowed to take part in the elections. The government cannot [illegible]. In order to become a locomotive engineer, you will have to make yourself proficient in running a stationary engine. No one would be given so responsible a position without previous experience as an engineer.

(Several answers are laid over to be answered in our next.)

RIDDLER.

(Charades, Riddles, Problems, etc., must always be accompanied by their answers, or they will not be published.

All who take an interest in this column are respectfully invited to contribute.

CHARADE.

> My first's a part of every house,
> And very useful too;
> My second at the dinner hour
> You on the table view.
>
> If you're a stranger in a town,
> And seeking for a friend,
> To help you in your search for him
> My whole its aid will lend.

Stillwater, Minn. GAHMEW.

BURIED RIVERS.

1. He can converse in English or German.
2. I'll be at the hotel between eight and nine o'clock.
3. "Lo! I remember well the scenes of other days."
4. Judge Lynch and his adherents made law a reproach.
5. Neither good nor honest men were ever bribed.
6. None of us ever names the absent one.
7. I met him with a messmate of mine.
8. We expected to see the waves dash Ann on the rocks.
9. They went by way of Trenton, N. J.
10. The troops marched down Jackson's avenue.
11. "We list to hear the broken accents of his voice."
12. "They dream in hope of better days to come."
13. We pursued the ruffians, but seven of the gang escaped.
14. "He ceased, and on the startled air came fearful sounds."
15. We do not concur always with the philosophers.
16. "Saw ye Johnny comin'?" quoth she.

W. H. MORROW,

Manor Station, Pa.

WORD SQUARE.

To explode.
To join.
Strictness.
To assault.
Conditions.

EBL.

PROBLEM.

What will be the difference in the expense of fencing two fields of 25 acres each, the one square and the other in the form of a rectangle, whose length is twice its breadth, the fence costing $0.62½ a rod?

W. H. MORROW.

Manor Station, Pa.

☞ An answer is requested.

ARITHMETICAL QUESTION.

Divide $4845.84 among A, B and C, in such parts that A shall have 10 per cent. more than B, and B shall have 10 per cent. more than C. What will be each man's share?

JUNIOR.

CONUNDRUMS.

☞ BARBAROUS CONUNDRUM.—When does a man shave with a silver razor? When he cuts off his heirs with a shilling.

☞ The following awful conundrum was brought forth after much travail in Memphis: Why is Memphis larger than Cincinnati? Because Since-a-gnat-eye is small, Memphis must be larger, you know.

☞ ELECTRICAL CONUNDRUM.—Why is a spendthrift's purse like a thunder cloud? Because it is continually light'ning.

☞ What two letters do children love best? C-and-Y.

ANSWERS TO LAST.

CHARADE—Pen-drag-on. (Pendragon.)

WORD SQUARE—

B E A S T
E A R T H
A R G U E
S T U F F
T H E F T

Answer to Junior's Arithmetical question of March 2.—A received more than D, 59.04, 74†. D received less than B, 20.95, 25†. Junior, William M. Glanding, W. J. Barrett, Daniel Diefenbach, "P. O. Box 22, Cable, Ohio."

Answer to Artemas Martin's Problem of March 9. The sides are 201, 20200, 20201. Artemas Martin, Addison H. Study, H. R. Schutt.

Answer to W. H. Morrow's Problem of same date.—$50,000. W. H. Morrow, W. J. Barrett. O. R. Sheldon says $250,000.

The answer to the Boot Question, published in No. 32, for March 9, is—The shoemaker lost $45.00 and the boots. Frank Raymond, W. J. Barrett, Phila., "P. O. Box 22, Cable, Ohio," and O. R. Sheldon, Shiloh Hill, send answers to this effect.

RECEIPTS.

TO BOIL FRESH SHAD.—If you wish to keep shad for a day or two, scald and dress it when perfectly fresh; split open the belly wipe it quite dry, and scatter a tablespoonful of sugar, and a teaspoonful of salt, and one of pepper, and keep it on ice; and before cooking, wipe off all the seasoning; fill the body of the fish with a dressing of bread and butter, seasoned with salt and pepper, moistened with water; put the fish in cold water, and boil until quite done; or boil without the dressing, and serve with drawn butter, or sweet butter laid on the fish.

CURLED CRESS.—Wash clean, and lay on a dish; let each season to suit themselves, at table.

GOOD WAFFLES.—A pint of new milk, the yolks of four beaten eggs, stirred in the milk, and afterwards the whites, a quarter of a pound of butter, melted and stirred in, a little salt, one teaspoon of soda dissolved in the milk and strained, nearly all the flour, one pint of sour cream, and sufficient flour to make the batter as stiff as pound cake. Serve as soon as baked. Grease the irons with sweet butter. Serve with pulverized loaf-sugar and strong cinnamon ground and sifted.

FEDERAL CAKE.—One pound of sugar, a half-pound of butter mixed together, six well-beaten eggs, spices to the taste. One teacup of sweet milk, and one pound of flour. When these ingredients are well mixed, add a half-teaspoon of soda dissolved in wine, and bake immediately.

WASHINGTON CAKE.—Three-fourths of a pound of butter, and the same of sugar worked to a cream, five eggs well beaten, nutmeg, and cinnamon; one pound sifted flour, one gill of wine, a half teaspoon of soda dissolved in one gill of cream, one pound of currants or raisins. Bake in a moderately quick oven.

JAPANESE auctions are conducted on a novel plan, but one which gives rise to none of the noise and confusion which attend such sales in America. Each bidder writes his name and bid upon a slip of paper, which he places in a box. When the bidding is over, the box is opened by the auctioneer, and the goods declared the property of the highest bidder.